MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. IX.—NO. 42 MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1898 $1.50 PER ANNUM.

WAR..

BETWEEN WASH MACHINE AND WASH BOARD.

The war between washing machine and wash board manufacturers is now in full swing. The latter are almost out of existence. To-day people who use the wash board are ten years behind the times, and by a continued practice (physicians say) will die 20 years before their time. Do yon wish to make a change. Now is your chance.

$5.00 WILL DO IT

A washing machine for **$5.00**—just fancy. And yet some people will ruin their health by continuing the old practice. Call and be one of the many purchasers. Ask your neighbor if she has one and how she likes it. We fell certain she will say, "Once "I was blind but now I can see. How foolish I "was to do without a washing machine so long! "after a day's washing now I go for a strole with "my husband feeling benefitted after the day's ex-"ercise." Oh Woman! at this age you might as well use a lamp for a cook stove as try to do your washing in the old fashioned way. For sale by

J. A. HEALEY & C.

Hitchcock and McCulloch,

Bankers and Financial Agents. Moose Jaw, Assiniboia.

Five per cent. interest allowed on Deposit accounts.
Current accounts conducted on favorable terms.
Collections solicited. Prompt returns.
Drafts and Cheques bought and sold.
Correspondents:—Bank of Montreal.

New Spring Suitings

IN ALL THE LATEST SHADES, ETC.

In Hats

We are showing an excellent assortment of all the leading English and American styles.....

MERCHANT TAILOR. **R. L. SLATER.**

Manitoba Granite

SUMMERVILLE & CO., of Brandon, Man., the largest and best equipped marble works in the Dominion, are now manufacturing at their own yards, and polishing at their own mills at Brandon the Native Granite of Manitoba. It is a beautiful dark red color, very fine in texture, and takes the highest possible polish.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO WANT A MONUMENT OR MEMORIAL STONE.

Do not order till you have seen samples of this beautiful granite. It is the purest, hanoomest, and most durable that is on the market. It is equal is finish and is finer in the grain than the best Scotch or New Brunswick granite, and fifty per cent cheaper, as we are saving both duty and freight by using home material; and are paying in wages to employees what formerly went out of the country for stock. We are the only producers of this stone. All orders entrusted to us will receive prompt attention; and finished second to none in the Dominion. Our travellers are now showing designs and samples; We also make Curling Stones of this granite, which are considered by Mr. F. Knight and others of Manitoba's best curlers who have tried them, to be equal to the best Scotch stones.

Travellers.—W. C. Stewart, W. Summerville, D. McIntyre.

CARPETS AND House Furnishings

We are Showing this Season a very Extensive Range in Above Lines in all the Newest Designs and Colorings.

CARPETS

In hemp at 15c., 20c., 25c. and 30c. Unions from 50c. up. Wools 85c., 90c., $1 and $1.15. Tapestrys 50c. 65c., 75c., 80c., 95c. Genuine Brussels for $1.15. See our axminster's real gems, beautiful shadings only $1.25. Tapestry squares, wool squares, matts — all sizes—2x5 hit-and-miss patterns going at $1.65. Moquette 2x5 at $2.50, $2.75 and $3.50. Sheep rugs $1.25 and $1 50. Oilcloths and Linoleums:—See our stock, better values than ever in these lines too.

CURTAINS

Lace curtains three yards long, tape bound, 40c. per pair; 65c., 75c., $1 and so on up to $3 50. We are showing a new line of frilled muslin curtains, very neat and the newest at $3.25 and $4 50 per pair; also curtain netts, curtain muslins with spots, art muslins, art draperys, art cretonnes, art denims, chenille and tapestry curtains, window blinds with rollers complete for 25c., 35c., 45c. up to $1.25 each; table covers in linen, chenille, tapestry, felt, denim; also cushions for coverings, pillows at $1 25, $1.75 and $2.00 per pair, pillow covers, pillow shams, pillow cottons, sheetings, marseilles and honey combed quilts, towels (by a mistake a shipment of 50 dozen of one line reached us; we got a rebate and are running them at 4 for 25c, or 65c a dozen) bath towels from 10c. up. When you are replenishing your stock just call and get our prices. A pleasure to show you such an extensive range of useful and ornamental furnishings. Prices guaranteed right.

ROBINSON & HAMILTON.



UNION BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Subscribed	$1,500,000
Capital Paid Up	1,493,300
Rest	325,000

HEAD OFFICE, - - - QUEBEC.

Andrew Thomson, Esq., ... President.
Hon. E. J. Price, ... Vice-Pres.
E. E. Webb, ... General Manager.
J. G. Billett, ... Inspector.

BRANCHES.

Alexandria, Ont.	Morden, Man.
Boissevain, Man.	Melita, "
Carberry, "	Moosomin, N.W.T.
Carman, "	Moose Jaw, "
Calgary, N.W.T.	Norwood, Ont.
Deloraine, Man.	Neepawa, Man.
Glenboro, "	Ottawa, Ont.
Gretna, "	Quebec, Que.
Holland, "	Quebec, (S. Lewis S.
Hamiota, "	Shelburne, Ont.
Hastings, Ont.	Smith's Fall's Ont.
Indian Head, N.W.T.	Souris, Man.
Lethbridge, "	Toronto, Ont.
Macleod, "	Virden, Man.
Merrickville, Ont.	Wiarton, Ont.
Minnedosa, Man.	Winchester, Ont.
Montreal, Quebec.	Winnipeg, Man.

MOOSE JAW BRANCH.

Deposits received and general banking business transacted.
Interest allowed on saving and special deposits.
Drafts sold, available at all points in Canada, United States and England.

ROBT. S. BARROW, Manager.

Massey - Harris CO.

J. H. BUNNELL, Agent.

The Best is None Too Good For Moose Jaw.

We have on hand a full stock of Plows, Harrows, Seeders, Mowers and rakes in three styles will arrive later; Cultivators, Bain Waggons, etc. The new model "Victoria" Sulky and Gang is having a large sale. These plows have proven a complete success. Farmers are delighted with them. A second shipment to arrive next week. Place your orders at once and secure the best plow in the market. Our stock of Brantford Buggies, Democrats and Carts is complete. Our No. 7 cart is a dandy. Intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before placing their orders, as they will find our goods right and the prices to suit their pockets. We also carry a full stock of wood goods and harness. Agent for Steel Aermotor Windmills and all kinds of pumps. Hay Presses, Road Making Machines, Scrapers, etc.

SPRING

is coming and you will be looking for

BOOTS and SHOES

We have over 1200 pair to be sold at greatly reduced prices.

A FEW OF OUR PRICES:

Men's Grain Bluchers, worth $2, reduced to $1.45; men's split bals., worth $1.80 for $1.35; men's buff bals., worth $2.50 for $1.80; men's calf congress, worth $4.25 for $3.50.

In Harness and Saddles

we have a larger stock than ever. Team harness, all complete, from $25 to $33. We have 40 sets of these to sell. all hand made and from the best leather that can be bought. Single harness ranging from $8 to $20; saddles from $3.50 to $45. Also a

Car load of Buggies, Democrats & Carts

just to hand that we will sell for lower prices than you have ever been offered before in Moose Jaw.

Call and See

what we can do before purchasing elsewhere.

R. E. DORAN

ANOTHER WRECK.

A Stubborn Ox Ditches a Freight at Sintaluta—Fireman McLean Injured.

While nearing Sintaluta on Tuesday with a freight train, engine No. 121 and seven cars of wheat were ditched by a stubborn ox refusing to leave the track. The train was going at a pretty good rate when it struck the ox, causing the snow plow to turn under the engine and throw it in the ditch. Engineer Musgrave, of Winnipeg, who was in charge, jumped and escaped injury, but Fireman Frank McLean was not so fortunate. While in the act of jumping the tender and seven cars piled on top of the engine and pinned him fast. The tender burst and he was nearly drowned; but the cold water prevented him from being scalded to death by the steam. He was hauled out of the debris and came home on Wednesday's No. 1. His head is badly scarred and his back severely injured, but the wonder is that he escaped with his life. The head brakeman also escaped injury. The cars and engine are a complete wreck. A wrecking crew left here Tuesday evening and were joined at the scene by a crew from Winnipeg. In the course of a few hours the track was clear.

Public Meetings.

Mr. J. H. Ross, M.L.A. for this district, will address public meetings and confer with his constituents at the following places:—

Melbourne (Stony Beach), Wednesday, April 27th, at 7 p.m.

Buffalo Lake (H. Gilmour's, jr.), Thursday, April 28th, at 7 p.m.

Marlborough (school house), Friday, April 29th, at 7 p.m.

Moose Jaw (town hall), Saturday, April 30th, at 2 p.m.

THE CURLERS' SUPPER.

The Annual Distribution of Prizes.

The curling season of 1897-98 was closed in a fitting manner by a banquet at Brither Kern's on Friday evening last, at which the prizes won during the season were presented by President Hitchcock. About half the members were in attendance and did ample justice to the excellent refreshments provided. When the inner man had been duly satisfied the president proposed "The Queen," which was responded to by the singing of the National Anthem. The prizes were then presented to the following skips or their representatives who responded with appropriate speeches:

A. Wilcox, four gold chains, presented by the President, Mr. Hitchcock.

Hugh Ferguson, trophy, presented by Supt. Milestone, also four gold pins presented by the club.

Seymour Green, four silver match safes, presented by E. L. Drewry, of Winnipeg.

W. W. Bole, silver cup, presented by G. F. and J. Galt, of Winnipeg.

Alex. McDonald (13 point), district medal won by Moose Jaw from Regina.

G. K. Smith, gold chain, presented by Supt. Milestone.

Alex. McDonald, four gold pins, presented by G. M. Annable.

Rifle Association.

The annual meeting of the Rifle Association was held in the Council chamber on Friday of last week. The following persons were elected to the offices named:—

President, C. Leary; Vice President, S. Green; Secretary-Treasurer, J. H. Wilcox; Range officers, C. A. Gass, H. G. Hubbell; Hon President, J. H. Ross, M.L.A.; Hon. Vice President, Supt. Milestone; Hon. Members, N.F. Davin, M.P., A. Hitchcock, Dr. Turnbull, A. Smith, W. J. Nelson, of Roseland, R. Sweet, of Regina, and Thos. Wright, of Fort William.

It was decided to move the range nearer town and the matter was left in the hands of the range committee. This year the business of the Association will be left entirely with the Executive, which will meet monthly instead of calling monthly meetings of all the members.

The Association has again affiliated with the C.M.R.L., and the matches will be shot on May 28th, June 4th, 18th and 25th. Everything points to a most successful season.

Town Council.

The adjourned meeting of the town Council was held in the Clerk's office on Friday evening last. Mayor Bogue presided and Councillors, Healey, McDonald, Hannah, Grayson and Munns were present.

The Clerk read the resignation of W. M. Lambert as Inspector, and applications for the position from H. Battell, Const. J. H. Parry, and J. W. Thompson. Seymour Green asked for $2,000 for school purposes. The following accounts were ordered to be paid: H. McDougall, debentures, etc., $211.15; Martin Burns, labor, $5.50; R. Bogue, relief of stranger, $2.50; J. W. Ferguson, postage as collector, $7.50, and repairs to town hall, $15.00; Ford Stationery Co., Winnipeg, for minute book, journal, letter heads and envelopes, $4.90; G.B. Sharpe, express, ect $2.75; School Board, $1,600.00

Moved by Grayson and Hannah, that W. M. Lambert be paid a salary of $35.00 per month for his services to the town, and that he be instructed to pay to the Treasurer all monies received by him on behalf of the town, and that his resignation be accepted to take effect on the 17th inst. Carried.

On motion by Grayson and McDonald the applications for the Inspectorship were left over until next meeting.

The Clerk was instructed to write the Departments of Justice and Public Works, Ottawa, in regard to providing a place for the keeping of prisoners in the town, and report to the License and Police Committee, who are to take the matter up thereafter.

Wm. Grayson, town solicitor, read a communication from the solicitors of the Townsite Co., asking if the town would accept the amended plan of the proposed change in the boundary of the town as submitted to the Council.

On motion by Hannah and Grayson, Councillors McDonald, Grayson and the mover were appointed a committee to draft an amended plan of the town site as suggested by the several Councillors and submit the same to the solicitors of the Townsite Trustees.

BY RAIL, Swan LAKE, WAGHORN'S GUIDE

HOW IT ENDED

It is indeed Andy!—in the flesh, and out of humor. All day long, ever since his memorable encounter with her in the vegetable garden, he had decided to keep an eye upon her, and an eye he had kept without blinking—that is, so long as the daylight lasted. But when five o'clock came, and the short winter day was at an end, he had relaxed his vigilance, and decided to considered himself off duty.

He had been wondering would she come to tea with him as usual, in the old schoolroom. Perhaps she would; perhaps too she wouldn't. As the hour struck he had gone there and waited.

He had waited for quite half an hour without a misgiving. He waited another quarter of an hour with considerable misgivings. At a quarter to six he waited no longer, but went three steps at a time upstairs to old Bridget to ask her if she knew where Miss Dulcinea was.

Mrs. Driscoll had no idea. She put down her knitting and wrinkled her brows so strongly that Andy, who had not believed them capable of another crease, was astounded. Wasn't she down in the schoolroom, then? No, she wasn't. She hadn't come in, then?

Come in?

Andy's heart began to beat a little quickly. What was it she had said?—that she would let them see! Did she begin to let them see when she went out? But when was that?

"When did she go out?" asks he.

"Faix, not so long, thin," said the nurse in a little frightened fashion. "Have ye anything on yer mind, Master Andy! If ye have, spake out! I mind me now she kissed me in a quare, mad, disturbing sort of a way, when she was lavin'. I mind, too, that I tould her it was a bit late for a ramble, an' she laughed sthrange like, an' said maybe she'd niver have a chance to a ramble agin, so she might as well have it now as not. Oh! wirra! wirras thrue! What'll I do if harm has come to me beauty?"

Andy had cut her short. It was evident her mind ran on suicide; his mind ran on Eyre. He knew the latter was leaving this evening; and the suspicion that Dulcie in a mad, angry moment had agreed to go with him seized upon and held him. He left the old woman rocking herself to and fro, and praying to every saint in the calendar.

It didn't take him two minutes to find his hat, and rush out into the night air en route for the wayside station.

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"Andy!" cried Dulcinea, frantically in a subdued yet piercing tone that reaches not only Andy's ears but those of Anketell in his distant corner.

His are unnaturally strained.

"Well, here I am!" says Andy, calling out, too, in a distinctly indignant tone.

"He hears me!" said Dulcinea, with a little sob of delight, turning excitedly to her companion. "He is coming! Oh, before he comes, go! go! Do you hear me? See, the train is on the point of leaving! If you wait another moment you will be left behind, and I— Oh, do go!" giving him a frenzied push. "I will write; I will explain—only go!"

"Write!—explain!" Eyre feels as if his senses are deserting him. The girl he has put himself in this false position to save from abominable tyranny is she one who now deliberately—nay, passionately—repudiates his assistance. Explain!"

"There is no explanation—none!" stammers he, hardly knowing what he says.

Righteous anger is burning in his breast.

"Oh, but I will write!" declares she, growing desperate, as she sees Andy approaching. "There! Be quick!"

Again she pushes him toward the now almost moving train, and Eyre, confused, angry, puzzled obeys her touch, and springs into the carriage nearest to him.

Almost unconsciously he had sprung into it. The door is banged by a passing porter, and presently he finds that he is under weigh, and leaving Dulcinea forever!

The train disappears into the night. Eyre, leaning back in his corner—the corner usually coveted, but undisputed in this empty train—gives himself up to thought. It is a revelation to him to find presently that he is feeling far more angry than miserable. Pathos upon pathos!

Up to this, indeed, he had regarded himself as a preux chevalier—a Don Quixote. He had exulted in his role of Knight of Woeful Lamosels, and here—here is his reward! Lo! when it came to the point, the captive maiden had declined to be rescued, and clung heroically, if unpoetically, to the tyranny she might have escaped.

There must be something wrong somewhere! Eyre, enveloping himself in his rug, makes a mental vow to abjure distressed damsels for all time, and devote himself for the future to the worldly, reasonable beings, who hitherto have been the solace of his existence.

CHAPTER X.

"Those who inflict must suffer for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense."

Dulcinea, left alone upon the platform, turned with a quick breath of mingled fear and relief to Andy, who had only just joined her.

"Nice bit of business this!" says that young man.

"Oh, don't talk here, Andy, come outside—come beyond the gate; I——"

"I don't see what going beyond the gate will do," says Mr. McDermot, looking like adamant. "May as well have it out here, where I can see you as in the dusty road."

"I'm tired, Andy," says she, faintly, with a vague but fruitless hope of softening him.

"Not too tired to come here in the middle of the night, anyway."

"In the middle of the night! Oh, Andy! Why, it can't be more than half-past six!"

"How well you know the hours of the train! Who"—malignantly—"taught you? My word! all I can say is that you have done it this time, at all events."

"Done what?" more faintly still.

"Do you want me to put it into words?" says her cousin, regarding her in the dim dull light of the station lamps with a disgust hardly to be put into words. "You are a fool, Dulcinea!"

"You don't know anything!" says Dulcinea, taking all the courage she has into her hand and preparing to do battle with it. "You accuse me; you say things—but"—incoherently—"you know nothing! Nothing! I came out only—only to—to"—desperately—"see if I could match some wool in the village down there, and I wandered on here, and—"

"What a hanger!" says her cousin. "Is that the best you can do? To match wool by this light! Why not say you came to meet a young lady? There would be a pretty color about that at all events."

"It was wool!" persisted Dulcinea, dismally.

"With a pretty color about it, too!" with growing scorn. "Oh, no! it won't do, my good Dulcie. D'ye think I can't see how the land lies? Wait till you see Bridget! She's got a word or two to say to you, believe me! She's got it hot and strong for you and no mistake."

"Bridget will say nothing to me," says Dulcinea. "She at least"—unsteadily—"has always been kind to me."

"Your quarter's up there," says Andy. "Expect no grace. She's only waiting to see you, to give you the biggest bit of her mind on record."

"Take me to her," says Dulcinea, in a low tone, suggestive of intense fatigue, bodily and mental.

"What makes you so tired!" asks her cousin, trying to see her face. "You seem done up. What!" as the thought dawns upon him, "do you mean to say that you walked here? Marched every step of the way through the cold and damp to meet that fellow!"

Dulcie nods her head; words now are almost beyond her.

"By George! you must be fond of him!"

"I am not!" says Dulcinea, with a faint, a very faint return of her old spirit.

"You expect me to believe that, and yet you certainly came all this way for the mere sake of giving him a parting word, of seeing him safely off?"

"Yes—yes," says his cousin, with such over-eager confession that she opens his eyes to the full truth.

"To go off with him!" says he, slowly. "Is that it, really? Oh, Dulcie!"

There is such reproach such surprised reproach in his young voice, that Dulcinea gives way beneath it.

"Oh! it is all true, Andy—all! every word you have said. Father, Sir Ralph, even you were unkind to me. And he—though I didn't care for him—he was kind; and he asked me to come away from all this trouble—"

"You mean to say you spoke to him—you complained to him of Sir Ralph—of your father?"

"I did. I know now it was hateful of me; but he was very kind, and I was unhappy. And Sir Ralph was so cold, and so lecturing like—and—"

She breaks off.

"Well! I wouldn't have believed it of you," says Andy, shaking his head gloomily. "And Anketell such a good sort! However"—pulling himself together—"the one thing now to be considered is how you are to get home. It will take a long time to get a car up here from that beastly hole below, and by the time we reach the house the governor will be in such a fume that there will be no holding him."

"Can't we walk?" eagerly.

"That would occupy even longer, I suppose. I know what girls are—stumbling over every stone and shrieking at every shadow. No; that would take hours and set the governor's back up an inch or two higher. He'd be 'all alive O' with a vengeance, like the cockles, if we didn't get home before that."

"What shall we do, then?" says Dulcie, glancing miserably round her.

"I wish I knew. Better stay here until I run down to the village and bring back a car of some sort. 'Pon my soul!" —moodily—"you have done it for once, and handsomely, when you were about it!"

At this moment it so happens that Dulcinea, in her remorse and grief and despair, changes her position. She had thought of escaping her cousin's eye—which is sharp, to say the least of it, but not understanding the eccentricities of the station lamps, so turns that he can see her even more distinctly.

Perhaps it was a wise move if unstudied. The dull, dead lamp over there shows Mr. McDermot such a pale, tear-stained and miserable little face, that all his wrath dies before it.

"After all," begins he, hurriedly, and in a considerably milder voice, "there's one thing in your favor—I don't forget that. When it came to the scratch you didn't go with him. You caved in at the right hour and no wonder, too. The barrel organ business wouldn't be good enough for you. I say, Dulcie, old girl, don't—don't cry, whatever you do! Keep up your perker; leave it all to me, and I'll pull you through. I'll square it with the governor if he finds you out, and I'm afraid he's bound to do that, as you are very considerably out, not only of your house, but your reckoning. Ha! ha! that's a joke! D'ye see it?"

In this melancholy way he seeks to cheer her; but Dulcinea is beyond seeing anything. She is like Niobe—"all tears."

"You'll be in hysterics in a second, if you don't keep a tight rein," says her cousin in a horror-stricken way. "Look here!" glancing apprehensively around him, "you'll be heard if you go on like that. I wish to goodness there was some way of getting you home in a hurry; we could then put it on the pins or the woolwork safely; but—— By Jove!" starting; "there's Sir Ralph!"

CHAPTER XI.

"To know, to esteem, to love—and then
to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling
heart."

"What?" says Dulcinea.

She stands still as if turned into stone. Here tears cease. She feels frozen. He—he of all men, here! Had he seen—guessed—

"Sir Ralph, by all that's fortunate."

"Where?"

"Just over there; evidently come this moment, as if in answer to my prayer."

In fact, Sir Ralph, who had been going away from the platform, having seen all he never wished to see, had turned at the last second to speak to a porter, and had, therefore, when Andy's eyes fell on him, all the appearance of one coming toward, instead of going away from him.

"Was there ever such luck? Of course he's got a trap of some sort. He'll drive you home. I say, Anketell—"

"Oh, Andy!"—grasping his arm—"Oh, Andy! Don't! don't!"

"Don't what?"—angrily.

"Don't make me go home with him!" in an agonized whisper.

"But, why—why?" impatiently.

"Oh, not with him! Supposing he was here all the time and saw——"

"Nonsense! He has evidently only just come to——"

"I won't go home with him," says Dulcinea, in a choking tone; "I won't!"

"Don't be a fool!" says her cousin, angrily. "You shall go with him! It will kill all talk. You must be mad to refuse such a chance of doing away with your folly."

He takes a step forward.

"Andy!"—frantically.

But he has escaped from her now, and has reached Anketell. There is a word or two, and then both men return to where she is standing, feeling more dead than alive.

"Here is Sir Ralph, Dulcie," says Andy in a rather nervous fashion. "By the way, you are driving, Anketell—eh? Could you give my cousin a lift?"

"With pleasure," gravely.

"You pass our gates, you see, and—er—we—we'd no idea, when we started for our walk, that—er—we should be so late. Found ourselves, you know"—the falsehood sticking horribly in his throat—"at the station before we knew where we were."

"I understand," quickly.

It cuts Anketell to the heart to hear the lad lying thus, and such fruitless lies—and delivered so haltingly, so lovingly!

"Eyre left to-night by the train," says Andy, with a highly-nervous, miserable laugh. "She—we—"

"I see," says Anketell, hurriedly. "You came to see him off? Very natural."

"It's a long walk home for Dulcie," says her cousin, more haltingly than ever. "But if——"

"Of course I can give your cousin a seat," says Anketell.

He addresses himself entirely to McDermot, altogether ignoring Dulcinea. This, and something in his tone, strikes chill to Andy's heart; but he compels himself to go through with the sorry farce. As for Dulcinea, a kind of cold recklessness has come to her that does duty for courage. Her late tears lie frozen in her eyes. Her glance is fixed immovably on the ground beneath her; yet, in spite of that, she knows that Anketell has never once deigned to glance in her direction.

"Thank you," says Andy, diffidently, "and"—pausing—"if when you come to our back gate—if you were to drop her there, it would be better. Will you? You see, if the governor knew that—er—I—had kept her out so late he'd be down on me. It's my fault, d'ye see—every bit of it."

"I quite see," says Anketell, gravely, laconically, as before. "By the way, I can give you a seat, too."

"No, thanks! I'd rather not—really I shall enjoy the walk." The poor boy is choking with shame, and feels that to accept even so trifling a favor as a seat home from the man he is trying so deliberately to deceive would be more than he is equal to. "It's a lovely evening, and nothing of a walk."

He waves an adieu, and turns aside, but seeing him go, Dulcinea wakes from her stupor.

"Andy!" cries she, wildly, a fever of entreaty in her whole air; "Andy, come with me. Come!"

But he is deaf to her entreaties. He shakes his head and hurries out into the darkness of the night beyond.

"I bet I'll be home before you!" he calls out from somewhere—they can no longer see him. "It's a mile to walk, but three to drive; that gives me a good chance."

It's three indeed!—three of the longest miles Dulcinea has ever driven. There are moments when she tells herself that it cannot take all these hours to come this short way, and wonders if Anketell has not made a mistake and turned into some other unknown road. It is so dark by this that to see where she is is impossible.

And yet it is a fine night, too—no sign of rain or storm. Certainly the moon is lying hidden, and the stars are apparently forgetful of their duty, but the wind that flies past Dulcinea's cheek is singularly mild and kindly for the time of year. Everything seems hushed; no sound arises to break the monotony of the silence that has fallen on her and her companion. Now and again a rustling in the wayside branches, a fluttering of wings, a sleepy "Cheep-cheep," betray the presence of those "smalefoule."

"That sleepen alle night with open eye," according to Geoffrey Chaucer, but other no-sees are there none.

Shame, fear, fatigue, all are keeping Dulcie dumb. Oh, to be home in her own chamber, safe from prying eyes, safe in any place where she may weep out her very soul in comfort! Oh, this horrible, horrible drive!—will it never come to an end? And he—why is he so silent? Can he know? She shrinks within herself as this thought occurs to her, but quickly flings it off with one as grim. No, a thousand times no! If he knew he would not be here with her now. He would not condescend to sit beside her, he would cast her off. Oh! if ever he does hear of it—what, then? But if he knows nothing, why does he not say something to her? Again the first torturing doubt sets in.

As for Anketell—he has even forgotten he is silent, so busy are his thoughts with all the past miserable hour. Again he seems to be standing in the dusky corner of the station; again he sees her come slowly forward. The quick advance of Eyre, her reception of him so devoid of surprise of any kind, her giving up of the small bag to him—how plainly it is all printed on his brain—in type that will stand clear to the day of his death! No fear of its fading.

And then—the agonized watching for the train to come in. The horrible fascination that compelled him to wait and see her go—go with that other!—that was the worst part of it! He had thought that at the last moment—the very last—as her foot was on the step of the compartment, he would spring forward and draw her back, and implore her to return home, and—marry his rival in a more orthodox form.

But she had not given him that opportunity! He had watched her impassioned change of decision—her refusal to carry out her design—her vehement relief when she saw her cousin. But her abandonment of Eyre at the last moment did her no good with him—rather, it increased the passionate, grievous anger that is tearing his heart in two. False as she was to her very core! And weak as false! False to both!

A heavy sigh breathing from his companion's white lips at this moment wakes him from his stormy reverie. He turns to her.

A star or two have pierced the heaven's dusk by this time, and there, on the left, a pale, still crescent is stealing to its throne. Diana, a very young Diana, is awake at last:

"Wide the pale deluge floats."

Slowly up from behind the hill beyond she comes, shedding glory on the earth with each slow, trailing step.

"How like a queen comes forth the
lovely moon
From the slow opening curtains of
the clouds,
Walking in beauty to her midnight
throne!"

She gives Anketell the chance of seeing how his companion looks.

Cold, shivering, chilled to her heart's core. Her pretty face is not only sad, but blue; her little hands, lying gloveless (what had she done with her gloves?)—on the rug, look shrunken to even smaller dimensions than usual, and are trembling. A sharp pang contracts Anketell's throat.

"You are cold!" says he, in a tone so icy that no wonder she shivers afresh.

"No! no!" says she hastily, through chattering teeth.

"You must be!" says he angrily, "with only that little thin jacket on you. Here!" pulling up with decided violence a warm plaid from under the seat, "put this on you!"

"I would rather not," says she, making an effort to repulse him.

"Put it on directly!" says he, so fiercely that she gives in without another word. In twining it round her his hand comes in contact with hers. "Your hands are like ice!" says he, his voice once again breathing fury. "What do you mean by it? Was there no rug, that you should thus be dying of cold?"

"I don't mind the cold. I don't think of it," says she, wearily.

"Then think of it now! Put your hands under the rug instantly!"

His manner is really almost unbearable, but Miss McDermot has got to such a low ebb that she has not the courage to resent it. He pulls up the rug.

"Cover them at once!" says he, and she meekly obeys him.

What does it matter?—it is all over between him and her. It is quite plain to her that even if ignorant of this evening's work, he still detests her. His tone, manner, entire air, convinces her of that. Well, she will give him an opportunity of honorably getting rid of her. She will tell him of her intention of running away with Eyre. That will do it! He is just the sort of a man to stick to his word through thick and thin however hateful the task may be. But when he hears that she deliberately meant to run away with some one else—— Oh! was it deliberate? She will tell him. But not now. To-morrow—perhaps. No—sternly—to-morrow certainly. He is coming to dine with them and after dinner, in the drawing-room she can then give him the opportunity of releasing himself from this unfortunate engagement. How glad he will be! How——

Anketell moves uneasily in his seat. What is that little soft, sad, broken-hearted sound that has fallen on his ears? Dulcinea is crying—so much is plain. Not noisily, not obtrusively—it is, indeed, a stifled, a desperately stifled sob, that betrays her.

(To be Continued.)

TELLING BY THE COLOR.

According to a tailor who has had nearly a life experience, it is possible with little study to tell within a little what part of England a man comes from simply by the color of his clothing. Fawn is in great demand among Lincoln people. In the southern counties, such as Cornwall and Somerset, the preference is for navy blue. In North Wales the native choice is for light cloth of a yellow tint, but further south you meet with dark shades of brown. There is more black cloth sold in Lancashire than in any other county, excepting Middlesex, and yet in the adjoining countries north the public fancy runs to drab and tweeds. Men who wear clothes of a reddish-brown tint are invariably Yorkshiremen.

NEW IN FINGER RINGS.

What do you think the girls are wearing now? Finger rings made of horseshoe nails! They are certainly not pretty or graceful, but they are said to bring good luck to the wearer on certain conditions. To be a genuine charm the ring must be made from a nail taken from a horseshoe found by the owner herself and nobody else. This is taken to a jeweler, who bends it to fit her little finger and cuts off the superfluous length. The ring is not welded together and the head of the nail stands for the setting. There's no way of proving it, but those who have adopted these ornaments say that they have just as much luck as a horseshoe itself hung over the door with ends up.

A QUIET GAME.

Tommy—Can we play at keeping store in here, mamma?

Mamma, who has a headache—Yes, but you must be very quiet.

Tommy—All right, we'll pretend we don't advertise.

A STRETCH OF COUNTRY.

A Pair of Suspenders—The hangman and his assistant.

PERILS OF FISHERMEN

SOMETIMES BLOWN OUT TO SEA ON AN ICE FLOE.

Hard Life of Newfoundland's Fishermen — They Eke Out a Miserable Existence — Fishing in Summer and Sealing in Winter—Their Fondness for Molasses — Difficulties of Parish Work.

The news from St. Johns, Newfoundland, that in a recent blizzard a number of Trinity Bay fishermen and seal hunters had been blown to sea on an ice floe and have only just been rescued, is but a repetition of similar accidents which have happened off the shores of that rockbound island, writes a correspondent.

As many as forty of these islanders have perished on ice floes in a single wintry off-shore gale. Perilous, indeed, is the life and hard the lot of Newfoundland's hardy sons.

While cruising along the coast of Newfoundland I came on deck one morning, and looking seaward saw what can only be described as a perfect forest of icebergs. They were drifting slowly down from the north, those mysterious regions whence they are borne by the Arctic current, which flows close by Newfoundland and largely accounts for the rigor of the Newfoundland climate.

ICEBERGS BY THE HUNDRED.

Stopping to count these icebergs I found there were no less than one hundred and thirty-five huge ones in plain view and innumerable others so small that I took no account of them. Far beyond the line of icebergs there was a curious white glare on the horizon. The skipper told me it was a "loom of ice." When I asked him to explain his meaning he said it was an atmospheric effect produced by large masses of floe ice in the distance.

Nor was all the ice seaward. Icebergs had drifted in between us and the shore and some large ones were stranded, and the waves beat against them with a surflike roar. In the distance was the sea circled heap of rock, which is called Belle Isle,—why, it would be impossible to say, for a more grewsome, weird, uncanny object is rarely disclosed to view. Lying athwart the entrance of the Straits of Belle Isle, ice dashes against it, fog hangs around it, and sea gulls, crying shrilly, encircle it. Upon its craggy summit stands the last lighthouse, north, on the American continent. Beyond it the navigator steers into the unknown for Greenland or the inhospitable shores of Labrador. To add to the desolation

All this I saw on a summer's day, and you may imagine how far more rigorous the scene is in winter. From September until June the straits are ice locked, but the lighthouse keeper on that lone outpost of civilization must stay where he is all winter long, completely isolated from the outer world, with storms howling about the lighthouse tower and snow and sleet beating against it. He cannot leave it, for it is impossible to tell what moment the ice may break up. He must be there to light the entrance to the straits the instant navigation becomes possible.

The shores of Newfoundland are deeply indented by bays, and in these bays, in turn, are many little islands. The narrow passage between these goes by the curious name of "tickles," but after you have sailed through them the word does not seem a misnomer. You have a feeling that at some remote epoch the sea must have run out its foamy fingers and have tickled the rock ribbed coast until it split its sides with laughing. Some of the scenery around these "tickles" is pretty enough, but even in the fairest weather there is a sense of desolation in the rockiness of the scene and the sparseness of the population.

DESOLATE SHORES.

Often you will pass many islands without seeing a sign of human habitation, and when you do see it it will be a little hut or tilt, as it is called, made of upright logs, driven into the ground, the chinks filled in with moss, and the roof often covered with sod. I have seen a nanny goat contentedly browsing on the roof of a Newfoundland tilt. Sometimes the island on which the tilt stands will be so rocky that the fisherman will have his patch of a garden on a small island near by. If so happens that enough soil is collected there to make it worth while to plant vegetables, yet the island is too small for both garden and tilt. So, while the men are out fishing, you will see the women rowing across from the tilt island to the garden island in order to till the sparse soil.

In winter the misery which prevails along the coast of Newfoundland is terrible. It is not too much to say that every winter many of the dwellers on this rocky shore are brought face to face with starvation. Almost the humblest Canadian would turn up his nose at what these poor people consider luxuries. Outside of St. John every place in Newfoundland is called an outport. The interior of the island is absolutely wild. There are no settlements of any kind, save some small Indian guide villages in the hunting district. The entire outport population may be said to live from fishing in summer, and sealing in winter.

FISHERMEN'S HARD LIFE.

When a Newfoundlander says fish he means codfish. Fish is to him money. The fisherman goes to his trader in the spring and practically mortgages his entire catch for the season, for his summer outfit, which also includes provisions. He considers himself lucky if after a hard season's fishing he can lay in enough flour, tea and molasses to last him and his family over the winter. You might suppose that he would put in a stock of fish. But no, he can't afford to eat fish, any more than he could afford to eat money. Small dried herring are about the only kind of fish he lays away for the winter, and he keeps these on hand as much for his dogs as for himself. Molasses is the great luxury of the Newfoundlander. Give him "long sweetening," as he calls it, for his tea and his biscuit, and he will consider himself in the presence of a feast.

DRIFTING TO THEIR DEATH.

A missionary told me he had once been trying to explain the luxuries of European court life to an audience of Newfoundland fishermen. He described to them the German Emperor's palace, his army and the grand style in which he lived. "And what do you think he has to eat?" he asked, and paused for a reply.

"Molasses," was the answer, that being the fisherman's supreme idea of luxury.

But in winter the fisherman's life is even worse than when he is working for his outfit in summer. Ice is piled up in the bays and tickles, and he will often have to haul his boat for miles off the ice in order to get to clear water for fishing. Then, when the seals come in he goes out with spear or club and all day long, and often far into the night, ranges the ice in search of seal. An off-shore gale springing up when the seal-hunters are on the ice means death to many. The ice is apt to break up, and before the men can get ashore they find themselves drifting out to sea, with all the horrors of a death by freezing staring them in the face.

Even in spring, when the ice breaks up along the shore the seal fishermen's experience with wintry cold is not over. In the spring the sealing steamers leave St. Johns and Harbor Grace with crews of several hundred men and stand north until they meet the huge floes of ice drifting down from Davis Straits.

WINTER HARDSHIPS.

In one of the little Newfoundland outports one winter the kerosene oil supply was so small that the little community burned only one lamp. It was passed from house to house, and the people would gather for the evening in the tilt in which the lamp happened to be. In this way they managed to eke out the small oil supply.

A priest whose parish work extended along a coast line of some one hundred and fifty miles in Notre Dame Bay told me that in winter he made all his visits by dog sled, and that sometimes he would be overtaken at night by so severe a snowstorm that further progress would be impossible. Then he and his guide would dig a deep trench in the snow and light a fire at the bottom of the trench. The gas from the flames would keep the snowflakes out, and the men would lie in this snow trench until they journeyed on in the morning. Such is one of the vicissitudes of parish work in Newfoundland.

A $250,000 FOUNTAIN.

Mr. Astor Will Erect the Finest One in the World.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor's new fountain for Cliveden, near London, is the largest private fountain of the kind in the world. It is gorgeous and of enormous expense and the only fountain which rivals it in size and appearance is that of the Emperor William in Berlin, the next largest of the kind being at Moscow.

Mr. Astor, who expects that this fountain will astonish people when it is exhibited, has called it, "The Fountain of Love." The shell alone weighs between sixty and seventy tons.

This gigantic shell is made of nine pieces of the finest Sienna marble and is light brown in color, but the huge blocks have been so skilfully put together that it is almost impossible to see the joints. The nine pieces of Sienna marble out of which the shell is made are the largest blocks of Sienna marble ever taken out of Italy. Like large cut diamonds, they represent an enormous waste of material.

The fountain in its architectural features represents the development of one idea. It is practically simple and devoid of ornate carving, excepting in the three groups.

Group 1.—The first group of figures which forms a part of this fountain is on the end of the shell nearest the entrance gates. This group, made of the finest and whitest Sicilian marble, consists of the heroic sized figure of a woman with a Cupid. The right hand of the figure is outstretched, in it she holds over the basin by the handle a small Greek vase from which water pours. Her left hand falls by her side. Standing at her left side is a figure of a little Cupid, naked, with wings, looking up into her face. The work is pronounced by sculptors to be surpassingly beautiful.

Group 2.—This consists of a woman and a Cupid, both standing and playing each other in drinking cups. The figures are large and of the finest Sicilian marble.

Group 3.—This group consists of a woman leaning back with a Cupid bending over her from a rock.

There is no fountain in England rivalling this one of Mr. Astor's in size and beauty, and it is even said by architects that as a work of art and considering its size, it is the finest fountain in the world. This fountain has already cost, according to moderate estimate, a great deal more than fifty thousand pounds.

STRIVE ON.

If your seat is too hard to sit on stand up. If a rock rises before you roll it away or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. Don't be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Desire success and it will come. The boy is not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its round, and so should we. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheelhorse; if the job be hard the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.

COST OF THE CUBAN WAR.

The cost of the Cuban war from February, 1895 to the end of 1897 is officially estimated at $[illegible]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In the February number of the Forum, Mr. F. C. Penfield, lately United States diplomatic agent at Cairo, describes the extent to which the agricultural resources of the Nile Valley have been developed by British administration. His testimony is the more trustworthy because he is by no means one of those who think that England's occupation of Egypt is defensible from a moral point of view. At the same time he considers that to discuss the legal or ethical right of Great Britain to control Egypt, is now, at the end of sixteen years as superfluous as it would be for a lawyer to argue that the State has no power to arrest his client when the latter is already a prisoner behind the bars. Mr. Penfield believes that the British Government intends not only to retain possession of Dongola, which has been recently occupied, but also to recover the whole of the eastern Soudan, and that with this territorial extension is connected an industrial programme of great importance.

We are reminded that the well-known explorer, Sir Samuel Baker, after descending the Nile from its source to its mouth, expressed the opinion that the river might be so controlled that the enormous volume of water which now rushes uselessly into the Mediterranean, might be made to transform the Nubian desert into cotton fields that would render England independent of America. As a matter of fact, the Delta of the Nile is already a great cotton field, the cultivation of the plant having doubled since the British occupation of Egypt began. New irrigation works are being constructed continually, and as these increase the cultivable area the soil reclaimed is planted with cotton. What gives Egyptian cotton its peculiar value is the length of its fibre, an inch and a half. Owing to this element of superiority, last year's crop, which amounted to 1,100,000 bales of 500 pounds each, was sold at a price 2 cents per pound in excess of quotations for American upland cotton. The Egyptian fibre has become a necessity not only in Europe, but also in the United States, for the latter country buys 100,000 bales of Nile cotton annually, and in New England the consumption of the staple is increasing.

Not only is the Egyptian cotton superior to that grown by Southern planters since the practical abandonment of the Sea Island staple, but there are other advantages on the side of the fellaheen product. The fertility of the Nile soil permits the harvesting of a crop averaging nearly five hundred weight per acre; there is no dread of frost; and the requisite labor may be secured for 15 to 18 cents a day per man. As it is, Egypt now derives from cotton, for both staple and seed, nearly $55,000,000 a year, and this is likely to be increased by some 40 per cent. if Mr. Penfield is justified in the computation that the Nile Delta, five years hence, will produce a million and a half bales. The revenue at present obtained from cotton suffices to pay the interest on an enormous debt and to carry on the Government; indeed, there would be a surplus in the Treasury but for the cost of the military expedition up the Nile.

It is not only in respect of cotton that Egypt's prospective development may well attract attention. Mr. Penfield points out that when the provinces of Dongola and Berber are restored to productiveness, huge tracts will be opened to the growing of breadstuffs, and the Nile Basin will become once more, as it was from the days of the Pharaohs down to Saracenic times, one of the granaries of the world. The dedication of those provinces to such purposes will permit, on the one hand, the whole of Lower Egypt, including the Fayoum, to be devoted to cotton culture, and on the other hand, the whole of Middle and Upper Egypt, from Beni Souef to Assouan, to be given up to sugar growing. It appears that in the last two years, and especially since the destruction of the Cuban sugar estates, the cultivation of the sugar cane has been rapidly developed in that part of the Nile Valley. The Egyptian sugar is said to be of excellent quality, and there was enough of it in 1896 and 1897 to bring to Egypt as much as $8,000,000 a year. According to Mr. Penfield, the area alloted to the sugar cane will be doubled, if not trebled, in the course of a short time, so that hereafter statisticians will have to take the Egyptian crop into account.

ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS.

Recent experiments show that aluminum is a safe metal for cooking utensils. Some slight corrosion takes place but it soon ceases, as an insoluble coating seems to form on the metal which protects it. This is analogous to protective deposits on iron boiler plates and on lead water-pipes, which are often produced by water containing salts. It is announced that nearly all the utensils carried by soldiers of the French army on the march will be made hereafter of aluminum.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

By a curious coincidence the number of lives lost at sea during 1896 in British merchant ships is returned as exactly

PRACTICAL FARMING.

STRAWBERRY CULTIVATION.

Early in the spring is when the new strawberry beds should be made, and those who contemplate having them cannot prepare the ground too soon. It is a fact that but few farmers, comparatively, know how to grow strawberries. It was for a long time believed that it was difficult and laborious to grow them, when, in fact, there is no crop grown in a garden, that can be produced as easily, or which gives such valuable results in proportion to cost. They can be had on every farm, and abundantly.

Plough or spade the ground as deep as possible, and then spread over the surface manure to the depth of two or three inches, working it well into the soil, but before working the ground apply also, for an acre, a mixture of 100 pounds nitrate of soda, 100 pounds bone meal, and 150 pounds muriate of potash. Let it be done the first warm day; be sure and work the manure and fertilizer well into the soil, and make the soil as fine as possible. Then leave it until April, when the ground should be worked over again. For a small patch the labor will not be costly, and, as the first preparation is the most important, the work should be well done. After the plants are set out but little work will be entailed on the farmer. As there are new and better varieties introduced every year, get from some reliable nurseryman two kinds—staminate and pistillate, male and female, plants, as the selection of varieties depends on whether the soil is heavy or light. If for a garden, make the rows three feet apart, placing the plants one foot apart in the row. Every fourth row should consist of the staminate variety and the others of the pistillate kind. A patch 25 by 100 feet would require about 900 plants. Use only young plants—runners from last spring's growth—which may be known by their roots being nearly white, those of old plants being dark. Set them in straight rows, pressing the earth well around the roots, using water, if necessary, being careful not to cover the crowns of the plants.

After the plants begin to grow, use the hoe and work between the plants well. A hand-wheel hoe may be used between the rows, and it will work very close to the plants without injuring them. If the plants are "checked" in the rows—that is, placed in lines both lengthwise and crosswise—the ordinary hoe need not be used, as the wheel hoe will enable one to do the work of several men with hoes. In that manner a small patch can be hoed in fifteen minutes or even in less time. Do not wait for grass and weeds to appear, but keep the soil loose. During the summer each plant will throw out runners, and soon the bed will be thickly matted. It will be an advantage then to cut the stems which connect the runners with the parent plants. Should weeds or grass appear in the matted rows pull them out by hand. If the matted rows are a foot wide, it will leave but a small space between the rows to cultivate. If water can be applied on a small patch during a dry spell it will be beneficial. Along in the fall, just as winter approaches, cover the rows with fine manure, and over the manure use a light mulch of salt hay or straw. Early in the spring rake the bed over, so as to remove the mulch and rake the manure fine, leaving the mulch between the rows, and after the plants are well up use straw or salt hay under them, so as to have the berries clean. These details are not as laborious as they seem for a small plot, and if choice varieties are used the experiment will be very satisfactory. The instructions apply to larger areas also if heavy yields of choice fruit are desired.

HOME LIFE OF FARMERS' WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

The average farmer seems to know little of the beauty, rest and blessings of an ideal home, says a writer. It takes but little to make it, little to beautify it, but if that little is lacking they have only a house for their families to live in—not a home.

In the first place build the house as the women folks want it, and convenient for them, instead of yourself, for there they work from year to year, with little to break the dull monotony of their lives. Have for their use every kind of labor-saving machinery; water from both well and cistern in the sink or porch, and plenty of closets and shady porches.

And in this home have music, the best magazines, general newspapers, agricultural papers and books and books. Then have lots of easy chairs and a lounge. And, best of all, see that they have time to rest and read and think a thought all their own once in a while.

Don't keep your daughters out of school to help mother. It's the worst kind of robbery to rob them of the chance to get a good education. Rather hire a girl to work—same as you do men.

Instead of having the dooryard open to commons, as most of them are, have it fenced. Have beautiful shrubbery, a place for them to have flowers, a croquet ground, swing and hammock; and then take time to play an occasional game with them, or read aloud to them on the shady porch, while they darn your hose.

And do have your garden fenced from pigs and hens. Don't wear women out body and soul, chasing and fretting, trying to save their berries and vegetables.

There should be a horse and buggy, their very own, that they may use whenever they wish, and our daughter has her saddle as well.

Both mother and daughter realize they have a duty to perform, a responsibility to meet, and rightly expect some benefits. Then let each share in the results of the labor. One pocketbook is not large enough for the whole family; esteem your wives and daughters too highly to see them become slaves to household drudgery; make them feel independent and that co-operation of the whole family is necessary to prosperity.

Let them feel that the most priceless thing on the farm is the family; go with them to church, lectures, picnics, clubs and institutions; give them the chance to advance physically, mentally and socially, as your equal, and see how happy they will be.

Let them understand your financial affairs; tell them of your gains or losses. Then they will know if they may have some coveted article or must economize to hel pfather. Give them more of your society, be to them friend and companion, as well as husband and father. Live more with them, instead of for them. Share with them their toil, pleasure and recreations, and their home will be happy and attractive.

WHERE AND HOW TO PLANT GRAPES.

To get the best results the vineyard should be planted on high ground, and warm southern slope. It requires a warm, loamy soil, well drained, and a porous subsoil. The soil should not be excessively rich in nitrogen. Too much barnyard manure causes an overgrowth of wood, accompanied by few grapes of poor quality. The grape requires potash and if the soil is not strong in potash scatter ashes in the vineyard, or supply it by means of commercial potash fertilizers.

The post and wire trellis is the best, but should be much higher than it is generally made, at least 4 1-2 ft., with the arms of the vines fastened along the top wire, which allows the grapes to hang beneath a leafy canopy and also permits free circulation of air beneath the foliage.

Cultivation should be constant and thorough, but shallow, getting much sunshine and oxygen in the surface of the soil and preventing too great evaporation of moisture. Ordinarily grapes are not pruned as close as they should be. It is hard to impress upon the beginner the necessity of very close pruning. The old Concord is still the leading grape, but it is too often marketed half green. It should hang on the vines from two to three weeks after it begins to color. The Worden is fast pushing its way into popular favor, and largely as a result of the practice above mentioned of marketing the Concord half ripe, will soon displace the latter in the nearby market. It does not ship well. Moore's Early and Agawam are both profitable grapes when not raised in large quantities, Moore's Early for early table use, and Agawam to be kept until midwinter in cold storage.

KEEPING MICE FROM TREES.

I have read lately, writes D. R. Wisel, in several farm papers, the different methods used by different men to prevent the girdling of trees by mice or rabbits. One says he hanks up around the tree, another winds with hay rope, and still another cleans away all dead grass and weeds and winds the trees with wire screen, and yet the protection is not complete. The mice will get under or the snow will drift deep and the rabbits will get over the protection. There is one sure, easy way to keep all kinds of vermin away from trees, and that is, a thorough application of soft soap. Scrub the tree from the ground up high enough so that the rabbit cannot stand on the drift and reach above where the soap has been applied, and your tree is safe no matter how much old grass or weeds, or how many mice and rabbits there are. And the soap will be a great benefit to the tree.

TO SAVE THE CHERRIES.

As a protection to our cherries when ripening plant a row of Russian mulberry trees for the birds to eat.

CLAIM IT CURES PNEUMONIA.

Discovery of Anti-Toxin by Two Brooklyn Physicians Who Are Confident of Its Efficacy.

Dr. Charles Lundbeck and Dr. Carl Elfstrom, both of Brooklyn, N. Y., have discovered an anti-toxin which they claim will cure pneumonia in its worst stages.

Dr. Lundbeck asserts that in a dozen or more cases in which the anti-toxin has been tried it has invariably worked a cure. Granting this, the cure may revolutionize the treatment of such cases throughout the world.

Dr. Lundbeck refuses to say just how the anti-toxin is obtained until he had conferred with his associate, who it is said, first hit upon the correct solution of the problem upon which both were working for several years. It is said the anti-toxin is secured by a method entirely new. The principle is, of course, to destroy one germ of disease by attacking it with another germ which is inimical to it.

According to what is made known, the anti-toxin in this case is obtained from the patient himself in some peculiar way, and it is hypodermically injected.

"The whole matter is yet in a somewhat experimental stage. Dr. Elfstrom is really the discoverer of the remedy," said Dr. Lundbeck. "We have worked together with the method for some time, and I do not want to take credit which belongs to him. I will say, however, that so far the remedy has been very successful. In one case particularly there did not seem to be any possiblity of the patient recovering, and no one who saw her thought she would, but she is now well. There have been a number of cases, where the results have been astonishing.

"No, it is not a positive anti-toxin. I am not now in a position to give the matter any publicity. It is not intended at all as a money-making affair. It will be given freely to the profession and the world at large. I must, however, decline to say anything further until I have seen my colleague."

A SURPRISE.

Cholly—I nevah let myself think.

She—Well! I never thought of blaming it on you.

HOUSEHOLD.

LITTLE HELPS IN THE KITCHEN.

When soaking salt fish it should be placed in the water with the skin side up to freshen quickly; otherwise the salt lodges against the skin and it takes longer to become fresh.

Cucumbers for pickles taken from brine will freshen more quickly if cut in two. If too small to be cut in two, a slice taken from the stem end will answer.

Sometimes pork is too salty to be palatable. If so, when it is put to cook if it is covered with cold water, set over the fire until it boils, then removed, drained and fried as usual, it will be almost as sweet and nicely flavored as when fresh.

When sifting flour for cake it is much handier to sift it onto a paper than into a mixing bowl, particularly if one sifts it several times, as is usually the case.

In smoothing flour in milk or water to use as thickening for gravies, etc., if it is briskly beaten with a fork it can be much more quickly and easily done than with a spoon. The egg beater is even better than a fork.

A nail near the kitchen work table on which to hang old papers is a great convenience. Having them close at hand a folded paper is quickly slipped under a kettle or hot dish before it is set on the table, and many other things that soon suggest themselves. A folded paper on the ironing table, beside the iron stand on which to smooth the freshly heated iron, will save much soil and wear from the ironing sheet.

If necessary to iron clothes soon after having been dampened, water as hot as one can bear the hand in should be used for dampening, as the clothes will be in better condition for ironing than when cold water is used.

An oilcloth covering for cupboard and pantry shelves is one of the best time and labor savers the busy housekeeper can have. They render the frequent changing of papers unnecessary, a daily dusting or an occasional wiping with a damp cloth being all that is needed to keep the shelves clean and presentable.

After the egg beater has been used if it is at once put into clear water and given a few brisk turns, then dipped into hot water as the wheel is still revolved, removed, shaken a little and laid on the drying shelf of the stove until dry, it will be cleaned and ready to hang away in its place in less time than it takes to write about it. If laid away to dry before washing it is a complicated and difficult task to clean it.

CARE OF WINTER FLOWERS.

A window or two in every home should be filled with blooming plants, and with a little care and attention they can be grown satisfactorily even by the inexperienced, and will be a source of delight to all during the cold days when the ground is covered with snow. But it is not enough to merely supply them with water; the leaves should be kept perfectly clean, for plants breathe by their leaves, and if their surfaces are clogged with dust, respiration is hindered, or perhaps altogether prevented.

Plants perspire by their leaves, too, and dirt of course impedes this perspiration, and as they also feed in the same manner, it is evident that there can be no thriving and growth without real cleanliness. It is a good plan on washdays to wash the plants in the warm suds after the clothes are taken out. Set them in the tub and give them a thorough bath. This will also aid in getting rid of any insects that may be on the plants.

It is very important to have your plants free from insects. Scale, that troublesome insect pest, that clings so closely to the stems of the plants that it is scarcely discernible, may usually be conquered by Pyrethrum powder. Sprinkle it liberally upon the stems of the plants wherever the flat, brown scales are seen. After twenty-four hours wash it off. Repeat this process at the end of a week, and in all probability the plants will be entirely free from the pest.

If you should be so unfortunate as to have some of your plants frosted, remove them as soon as discovered to a cool place where the temperature can be gradually raised until it reaches that to which the plants have been accustomed. A sudden rise in the temperature, after plants have been badly frosted, thaws them too rapidly and results disastrously. Trim off the tender shoots which are beyond help, and then gradually raise the temperature during the day until it reaches the accustomed mark. They may then be placed in their proper places, but it might be well to shade them for a day or two from the sun.

A splendid and effective protection against a certain amount of cold is secured by placing over the plants cones made from paper. In this manner cold drafts from around the windows on severe nights can be kept from harming the plants.

CARE OF CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Because the milk-teeth must in the course of nature, fall out in a few years, to give place to the permanent set, parents are apt to assume that it is useless to pay special attention to them; they think it will be time enough to instruct the child in the care of the teeth when he has his permanent set. This is a mistake.

In the first place, it is never too early to inculcate good habits in the child, and his permanent teeth will always be better taken care of if he has been taught to brush the temporary set from the time when he could use a tooth-brush.

It is also in the interest of the child's and man's good looks, comfort and health that the milk-teeth should be preserved as long as possible. One of their most important functions is to keep a place in the jaws for the second set, and if they fall out too soon the second teeth may also come too soon and out of their regular place; then the later teeth will not have room enough, and will be twisted sidewise or pushed in front of, or behind the others in the row.

The first teeth, like the second, are required also for the proper mastication of the food, which is all the more necessary in the growing child, who needs more nourishment than an older person of twice his size.

Finally, the appearance of a child with three or four open spaces among his teeth is far from being attractive, and parents should be ashamed to see them as a consequence of their own neglect in not watching properly over the preservation of the milk-teeth.

As soon as the teeth appear they should be cleaned with a soft cloth, and when the child is old enough a little brush should be put into his hand, and he should be taught to use of it. After this the mother or nurse should see that it is used regularly.

The mouth of every child should be examined two or three times a year by the dentist, and any little cavities should be stopped with a temporary filling. Indeed, as much care should be taken of the first as of the second set of teeth, for they are, in their temporary way, just as necessary to health, beauty and comfort.

FOR FROZEN PLANTS.

Plant growers do not always agree as to their method of reviving plants that have been frozen. Many affirm that the plant must be immediately sprinkled with cold water, and others state that this is not wise treatment for them, but both agree as to the advisability of keeping them out of the light for several days, and letting the heat thaw them out gradually.

TO PLAY POLO ON WATER.

By Means of Odd Looking Water Shoes the Sport Can Be Transferred from Dry Land to Lake or Ocean.

Through a clever invention of A. J. Miller, of Chelsea, Mass., a new and exciting outdoor sport is made possible. This new game is water polo, and it combines many elements that will doubtless do a great deal toward making it exceedingly popular for the summer months.

Water polo has been played indoors in large tanks, but the idea of gliding over the rippling surface of lakes, rivers and even old ocean, is an entirely new proposition.

The invention which makes this delightful possibility a reality is nothing more or less than a huge, boat shaped shoe. The inventor of this unique footgear, in speaking of his shoes said:—

"There has been similar inventions, but nothing like this. I can walk on water with these with as much ease and comfort as you can walk on land."

These water polo shoes are a trifle over four feet long, six inches wide and six inches deep. The place for the foot is in the centre. After it is placed in position and the shoe strapped to it, the top of the shoe is covered, rendering the shoe perfectly air tight. The covering is of white cedar wood. The bottom is of white hickory, to give strength to the shoe. The whole thing is shaped like a small sized canoe.

The main feature of Miller's odd invention and by which he claims great speed is possible, is a set of fins on each shoe. These are located on either side and at the bottom. They operate in a peculiar way and solely by the action of the water. When the wearer takes a step forward with one foot.

THE FINS CLOSE.

When he steps with the other foot the fins on the shoe remaining in the water open. In this way a resistance to the water is secured, preventing him from slipping backward or losing his balance.

The inventor says he has thoroughly tested his invention. He claims to have walked down the Hudson River from Albany to New York. The most remarkable test of his invention, he says was on Lake Ontario last fall. He swept out on the lake one hundred miles by boat. Strapping on his shoes, he put off from the boat and made his way to shore in sixty-five hours. On this occasion he was extremely fortunate and did not encounter any rough weather. He guided himself to shore by means of a compass and carried provisions on his back.

The athlete or lover of outdoor sports who desires to be in proper style the coming season will do well to look up his bicycle, golfing outfit, etc., and fit himself out with a pair of water polo shoes. When this is done he should hie away to some secluded lake or unfrequented portion of the beach and take a few quiet lessons unobserved. For he will find it just a little difficult at first to manipulate the shoes, as they are big and awkward to the beginner. After a few trials in private, however, the knack of walking on the water can be acquired and the rest is easy.

The costumes that are worn in water polo are a mixture of golf and regulation bathing outfits—bloomers and stout stockings for the water polo girl and the regular knickerbocker costume for the men. Both are required to wear a cap modelled on the lines of the yachting headgear. These caps are usually of some brilliant color, and when a lake or a stretch of beach is covered over with crowds of enthusiastic polo players the scene cannot fail to be a pleasing one.

HIS FORCE OF HABIT.

Skinflint is so absent-minded and such a creature of habit that one day when a lady called upon him and asked him for $5 for some charity, he turned upon her sharply and, inveighing himself to be in the bosom of his family, asked:

Where's that dollar I give you last week?

FUNNIGRAMS.

Not So Remarkable—De Sappie—I believe my dog knows as much as I do. She—I've seen smarter dogs than that.

How is your wife? I see her very seldom. Why, how's that? Because she sits behind me on our tandem!

George, father has failed. That's just like him! I told you all along, darling, that he was going to do all he could to keep us from marrying.

Are you the boss of the house? inquired the man at the door. No; I'm only the boss' understudy, was the much-married man's answer.

She wished she stood within his shoes.
Because he had a seat;
But since that was impossible
She stood upon his feet.

Laura—When Bob proposed last night did you know what was coming? Lucretia—No; I didn't know papa was within hearing; neither did Bob. Poor Bob!

My dear Miss Bullyan, said the impecunious youth, I love you more than I can find words to tell— Well, then, interrupted the heiress, why don't you try figures?

Chollie—Er—av—I do believe a good deal in this — aw—heweditty thowy. Miss Smart—Your own case shows it. You would never have been rich if your father had not been so.

Boarding House Keeper—How sorry I feel for those poor Klondike miners this cold weather! Boarder—Madam, there is no need of going so far to place your sympathy. You seem to forget that I occupy one of your hall rooms.

Mr. Dukane—Do you mean to say that Mr. Jiggins is invariably truthful, under all circumstances? Mr. Gaswell—Well, perhaps he is a trifle prone to exaggerate the lowness of the thermometer in zero weather.

Yes, sir, said the promoter, who had entered into a bragging match with the other promoter, we broke ground on the first of the month and by the 15th of the next month— You broke the stockholders, the other promoter chipped in.

You shall be queen of my home, said young Mr. Northside, enthusiastically, when Miss Perrysville had given her promise to marry him. I'd rather be the chancellor of the exchequer, George dear, replied the practical maiden.

Miss Wearwell—Who is that handsome gentleman across the room? He has been looking steadily at me almost all the evening. Miss De Cosh—That is Mr. Fearsome. They say he is so near-sighted that he can't see three inches beyond his nose.

Habberjohn doesn't seem to have a very lovable nature. Well, no. If Habberjohn were at a banquet and some one should discover that there were thirteen at the table, all eyes would instinctively turn toward Habberjohn as the one to go.

I want you to make me a newmarket coat, she said to the dressmaker. But it isn't the prevailing fashion to have lenghty wraps. I don't care. I am invited to a whist party and the gentleman who is to be my partner told me to be sure not to forget my long suit.

Young man, this is the third time this week you have come to take my daughter sleighriding. If you pay cash for the horses and sleigh it means either lunacy or bankruptcy, and if you don't it means that you are a dead beat. I own the livery stable, sir. That's different.

Well, said the great importer, you want a position as tea-taster, do you? Have you ever had any experience in this business? No; the applicant replied, but I've hearded around and eaten at restaurants so long that I know I'd be a good one at it. I could tell the genuine tea right off, because it would be so different, you know.

I shall tackle them said the young politician, without gloves. Don't be too rash, advised the veteran. It is not always good policy to expose your whole hand.

Mr. Millyuns, briskly—Want my daughter, eh? Well, how much are you worth? Money talks, you know. Bob Hardup, cheerfully—Yes, I know; but I'd be willing to let her do most of the talking.

His Sad Experience—I bought a claim said the returned Klondiker, where the nuggets were said to be as plentiful as blackberries. And they were not! Well, yes, they were, but, you see, there are no blackberries in that region.

Still Has Faith—Mrs. Higgins is still wildly in love with her husband. Does she put the buttons on his shirts for him yet? No, but he told her he sat up all night playing cards without any stakes—and she believes him.

Encouraging—Myrtle—Oh, dear! I wish I could think of some nice way to say no. I've had to refuse so many men lately that I am positively becoming weary of the old way of declining. Alice—I wouldn't worry about that, dear. The fellows probably enjoy the joke just as much as if you said something original each time.

Fuddy—What's the matter? Where have you been? You look as though you had been rolled in an ashpit, Duddy—So, I have. I slipped and fell on the ice a little while ago. I wouldn't have minded that, but, confound it, I fell onto the ashes that some nasty hammer had spread there to prevent persons from falling.

Mrs. Greene—My husband is such a thoughtful man! He always goes down into the basement kitchen to smoke. Mrs. Gray—And lets the smoke come upstairs into the dining room through the dumb waiter. Mrs. Greene—Yes, but that's because he is absent-minded, poor man. That has nothing to do with his thoughtfulness, you know.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

First Klondike Millionaire—I cover your bet and raise you a hundred ounces.

Second Klondike Millionaire—Pork or gold dust?

First Klondike Millionaire—Pork!

Second Klondike Millionaire, sadly—Let me out of it. I pass.

THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

THE TIMES PRINTING CO.

Thos. Miller, Manager.

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JOB PRINTING

Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at hortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1898.

PROVED TOO MUCH.

In the recent discussions before the House Committee two of the elevator men it would seem proved entirely too much, says the Winnipeg Tribune. In his eagerness to get after Mr. McLennan, Mr. Phillips mentioned a wheat mixing deal they had together at Fort William, of which deal Mr. McLennan did not refuse his share of the proceeds. This shows that there is some manipulation of wheat at Fort William which results in profit. This is a good argument for the stopping of mixing there. Mr. Bready, usually one of the most diplomatic and alert of men, was carried away in his endeavor to show how closely Sir William Van Horne watched the elevator men to admit that in order to hold the elevator privilege at a certain point his company increased the capacity of the elevator from 20,000 to 25,000 bushels at a cost almost equal to the original cost of the elevator. That is to say though the 20,000 bushel elevator was as efficient as the other and enabled them to handle all the grain of the district, yet for the privilege of compelling farmers to load through it, they doubled its cost. According to this, Mr. Bready must consider the bare privilege worth nearly as much as the elevator. If this privilege is so valuable to the elevator man is it any wonder that the farmer and local dealer think it worth something to them.

HARASSED BY HEELERS.

In the annual report of the Minister of Justice, recently published there is contained a report from Mr. Douglas Stewart, inspector of penitentiaries, which concludes as follows: "The system vests the control of all penitentiaries in the Minister of Justice, but as a matter of fact succeeding Ministers have been harassed and embarrassed to such an extent by the persistent interference of local political organizations that the contral of the patronage including the selection of officials, has been virtually delegated to local and irresponsible organizations, whose chief aim has been the potency of the situation as a political factor in the constituency in which it is situated. It is quite apparent that so long as this 'de jure' departmental control, but 'de facto' local control continues, the white wash brush of departmental officials and the brush of special commissioners will be alike ineffectual in removing stains which are occasionally exhibited to public gaze. What is wanted is such action as will remove the prisons from the grasp of the tentacles of the local political octopus. The burden of maintaining the institutions is imposed upon the whole of Canada, and it is but reasonable that the privileges which attach to the patronage should be equally extensive."

CANADA'S PROSPERITY.

The good fortune that befel the Conservative party in 1878, when its return to power was concident with the return of commercial prosperity, has in these times fallen to the lot of the Liberal Government. Indeed, it is only necessary to glance at a few of the statements contained in the admirable budget speech of Mr. Fielding to see that the Dominion has entered upon an era of good times which will doubtless surpass any similar era the country has ever experienced. Business seems to be beginning to boom all along the line. The trade of the country is beginning to increase by leaps and bounds, more money is going into circulation, the savings bank deposits are rapidly climbing up, and the bank clearing returns make a wonderful showing indeed. All Canada has to do now is to hold her head, keep a steady hand, and there is no reason why her people should not enjoy a season of prosperity unequalled in the history of the Dominion. It is unnecessary to say that all this will help the Liberal Government and bring grist to Mr. Laurier's mill. While the Minister of Finance modestly did not claim that the changed conditions of affairs was altogether due to the Liberal policy there can be no doubt that the existence of prosperity will greatly assist the Liberal party. Good times made the political fortunes of Sir John Macdonald, and there is no doubt but they will greatly assist Sir Wilfrid Laurier in retaining his hold upon the country and the Government.

It is gratifying to notice that the west is sharing the general prosperity, indeed we are disposed to think that the west is leading the rest of the Dominion in that regard. A few years prosperity will work a wonderful change in this country. With our vacant lands filling up, the price of everything will rapidly appreciate, and we will soon marvel at the contracted opinions we held with regard to values and the future of our country. Truly it seems as if we were entering upon the seven fat years.

PROMINENCE OF PETTY THINGS.

It is unfortunate that the country gets such full information regarding the petty things of Parliamentary life and such fragmentary sketchings of the motives and ideals of the political leaders. When a contract is let the family history of the Minister who awards it and of the man who secures it is looked into for three generations or more. If the contractor is a Liberal, the contract is a reward for party services; if a Conservative, the Government is buying up its opponents. It is the same in regard to the awarding of offices. Contracts and offices are of the mean, sordid side of politics, yet under present conditions some must get them and some be disappointed. The heaven of the Parliamentarian, of which he dreams after reading his letters of a night, is a place where office-holders never die and constituents never demand the first vacancy or the creation of one at an early date. It is hard for a man of high ideals to hear only from the self-seeking and intriguing. The great mass of the electors who desire nothing but good, clean government never write to their Member, never give him a word of encouragement or praise when he is doing right, or of warning when he is doing wrong, and yet we wonder at the crushing out of ideals among our public men.

The recent patronage dispute shows that the present Government has had to resist much at the hands of the self-seekers; but it is hoped that its members will not descend to the level of distributors of office and healers of faction by the salve of patronage, placemen with no higher thought than to remain in office by these means rather than by the prosecution of great public reforms. The Premier himself has told us that his life work is to preach the evangel of Canadian unity, the end of racial and religious feuds, to quicken the national life; to continue, in short, and place beyond the experimental stage the great work begun at Confederation. Apart from the national work, as he showed in his jubilee speeches, his eye is fixed on the time when the British Empire shall become a great federation of nations of equal rank, so powerful as to hold the peace and civilization and progress of the world in its keeping Through all his speeches runs this national note. All his actions, great and little, are subordinated to this idea. If he lives and holds power, English and French Canada will soon be as indissolubly united, as far as national affairs are concerned, as England and Scotland. A young French-Canadian writer, talking of the remarkable development of toleration and respect for English speaking Protestants in Quebec, said: "Laurier taught us that When I left college only a few years ago we did not like the English. We thought they should keep out of Quebec and leave us alone. Now in the most remote places, while they still remark it if a man speaks English and is a Protestant, they say also, but we are all Canadian together." The elevation of the national rather than the racial ideal is a hard task, yet the knowledge that its reward will come in the upspringing of a mighty nation in a land that might otherwise be a prey to faction and racial feuds proves sustaining and enables the Premier to submit to the mean and petty things of politics that otherwise to one of his temperament would be unsupportable. And so, if one were to pass along the treasury bench, it would be found that aside from the honorable ambition of being well thought of by their fellow men, the Ministers have all some work to do, some ideal to reach up to. Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson are always studying out means of removing obstructions to trade and commerce and of widening the markets of Canada. Incidently they are doing a great work for the Empire.

The Senate, which has taken the responsibility for opening up the Yukon routes off the shoulders of the Government, seems to favor the means adopted by the late Government of getting rid of troublesome questions. The Senators have not power to appoint a commission but they are doing the next best thing by appointing a committee. What the committee can do does not appear very clearly, but one thing it cannot do is to devise means of getting into the Yukon country this season by any other route than that placed before the House by the Government. It is on the cards that the committee may be used to let the Senate out of an uncomfortable position. The old gentlemen are beginning to get letters from business men that make their ears tingle. They find that they have done serious hurt to Canadian business interests, and this is doubtless why Sir John Carling moved for a committee to report on the cost of opening up direct communication during the present season. The chance of building a railway is gone, but the Senate in its penitential mood would doubtless like the committee to report in favor of the building of a wagon road over the route of the proposed Teslin Lake Railway, and of another from Edmonton into the Peace River country Such a report, it is anticipated, might break the force of the agitation against the Senate, an agitation that otherwise may become dangerous to the irresponsible House.

Regina Leader: A friend at Moose Jaw writes *The Leader* denouncing in unmeasured terms the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for its action in bring a number of engines and engine crews from the United States to work on the C.P.R. main line. As our friend professes to be a free trader in principle, he probably does no base his complaint against the C.P.R. on principle. Under existing conditions we quite agree that the provisions of the Canadian Alien Labor Law should be enforced to the letter. It is sometimes advisable to fight the devil with fire. If the United States will persist in applying a barbarous law to Canadian workmen, the only possible semblance of a remedy seems to be give tit for tat and endeavor to reciprocate in barbarity. But to use the Moose Jaw incident as a hook upon which to hang general denunciation of the C.P.R. seems to us to be rather a strain upon intelligence. It is surely no moral crime to bring additional residents into the Territories from the states or any other white man's country. The present is one of the incidents in which the enforcement of law is like cutting of the nose to spite the face. Leaving entirely out of view the interests of the C.P.R., an addition to the motive power of the company would be to the very great advantage of the travelling public and every receiver of mail matter.

An exchange says: Great Britain is blamed for her behaviour towards the north during the civil war in the United States. There was a great deal to criticise in the mistaken attitude of the British authorities at that time. Americans never stop to think that as a matter of dollars and cents the break upot the Union would be enormously to Britain's advantage. Nor do Americans ever stop to think that Great Britain could have assured the break up of the Union by espousing the Southern cause. Every material consideration urged Britain to uphold the South; every moral consideration urged Britain to side with the North, and with all her faults, it is to Britain's credit that she resisted a temptation to which any other nation on earth would have yielded.

The pension list of the United States is the most stupendous scandal of the age. It is thirty-three years since the Civil war closed, yet during the last twelve months 20,000 names were added to the list. In 1890 the number of pensions was 537,944; at the close of the last fiscal year it was 996,000. The annual pensions represent an expenditure of three per cent. on $5,000,000,000, or about twice the national debt at the close of the war. How a sensible, practical people can submit to such a huge fraud is past understanding. After the lapse of a third of a century the pension list is nearly as great as the army rolls at the time of the war. What a mass of perjury is signified in that statement!

Among the interesting announcements made in Mr. Fielding's budget speech is one to the effect that on the 1st of July next the interest allowed on savings bank deposits will be reduced to two and one half per cent. It was reduced from three and a half to three last July, and now there is to be another drop of a half. This is made, it is explained, because of the recent Dominion loan. The Dominion should not be expected to allow greater interest than it allows on its borrowings. Besides, the effect will be to cheapen money, which the business interests of the country that require bank accommodation think extremely desirable.

Qu'Appelle Progress: A little over a year ago the Agricultural Society distributed considerable immigration literature through Great Britain and Eastern Canada, setting forth the advantages of this district. Many persons here kicked at the expense incurred at the time, saying there was no use in advertising. What is the result? This spring settlers are pouring in and land is going up in value. Oh no, printer's ink is no good—to those who cannot see further than their nose.

First Class Boots and Shoes.

LATEST STYLES FROM JNO. M'PHERSON

CARS OF GOODS COMING

Best Quality of Paints
Seed Oats, Garden Seeds
Cream Separators
Bluestone
Good Ontario Green Apples

R. BOGUE.

Principal Grant says in The Queen's Quarterly:—"The progress of events, both in this immediate neighborhood and on the other side of the globe, is making it evident to thoughtful men that the future of the world depends upon a good understanding between Britain and the States. A formal alliance is not needed. Their interest is the same, and so is their heart. Their greatest interest is peace, and the thought, or rather passion, which stirs them is the welfare of humanity by the extension of liberty, the reign of law and the establishment of justice."

A move has been made in Medicine Hat in the direction of municipal incorporation. Strange to say the movement was started by a deputation of ladies, who were disgusted with the state of the streets. We would suggest that the ladies of Moose Jaw follow the example set by their sisters of the "Hat" by starting on foot a movement for the organization of a board of trade or immigration committee.

While Immigration Agent Crawford was in town a few days ago meeting a party of immigrants from the States, a reader of THE TIMES drew his attention to our article regarding the unfair description of the district given in the "Official Handbook." Mr. Crawford wanted to know why our board of trade did not confer with Commissioner McCreary. Perhaps some enterprising citizen can answer the question.

The cisizens of Moosomin have organized an immigration committee for the purpose of calling attention to the vacant lands open for settlement in their district. The Moose Jaw district is as good an agricultural section as Moosomin, and has also plenty of vacant lands; but it is minus the committee to keep the advantages of the district before the public.

The *National Advertiser* says in its obituary of a resident: "He was a man of spotless integrity, a successful business man, a good advertiser, and he always had his job printing done at this office." The shrewd business men of Moose Jaw will at once see the point.

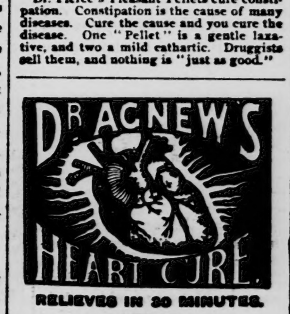


The athletic woman is the woman of the day. The past twenty years has seen wonderful progress in this respect. That this tendency will result in a more robust womanhood, better able to bear the burdens and duties and pleasures of life, there can be no question. But this result will be accomplished by the building up of those women already in reasonably robust health, and the killing off of their weaker sisters. Athletics will make a naturally strong woman stronger and healthier; they will make a naturally weak, sickly woman weaker and more sickly, and if indulged in to excess, may result fatally.

A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs distinctly feminine, cannot hope to recover her general health through athletics, so long as she remains locally weak. A woman suffering in this way is unfitted to bear the strain of athletics just as much as she is unfitted to bear the duties and burdens of wifehood and motherhood. There is a sure, safe, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of this description. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the organs concerned in wifehood and maternity, making them strong and healtiy and vigorous. It soothes pain, allays inflammation, heals ulceration and tones the nerves. It fits a woman to indulge in, and be benefited by, athletics. All good medicine stores sell it.

"Your valuable 'Favorite Prescription' cured me of female weakness and a catarrhal discharge from the lining membrane of the special parts," writes Mrs. T. H. Parker, of Brooklyn, Jackson Co., Mich. "I am now perfectly well."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."



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A MAGICAL LIFE-SAVER.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, smothering spells at night, pains in region of heart. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, aches or palpitates, it is diseased, and if life is valued treatment must be taken. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the only remedy yet discovered which will always give relief in 30 minutes, and cure absolutely.—28.

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Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

WM. GRAYSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc. Office Main St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T. Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

W. B. WILLOUGHBY, B.A., L.L.B., Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, &c. Bellamy Block, Moose Jaw, Assa.

T. C. JOHNSTONE, Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, &c., Office: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sts., Regina.

TURNBULL & McCULLOCH. Office in Bole's block, cor. Main and River streets. A. R. Turnbull, M.D., C.M. J. W. McCulloch, M.D.

DR. P. F. SIZE, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S. SURGEON DENTIST, Moose Jaw, Assa. Office at Dining Hall. Open April 29th and 30th.

H. McDOUGALL, Registrar, Moose Jaw District, for Births, Marriages and Deaths.

W. C. LUSK, PHOTOGRAPHER, Open each month from 25th to 31st. Newest and Best Styles of Work.

O. B. FYSH, Auctioneer and Valuator. Manitoba Street. Moose Jaw, Assa.

IF YOU WISH TO BUY THE BEST

Why go to the....

Jubilee Fruit and Candy Store.

See our line of Chocolate creams, caramels, etc., etc. We always keep on hand the best assortment and freshest goods in town. Please call and examine our lines. We also carry a full stock of writing material. See our fancy note and letter paper, envelopes and memo books in all the latest designs.

Miss McBride, Mgr.

2nd door south of Post Office.

IMPROVED FARMS For Sale BY

Q. A. MUTTLEBURY

430 Main St., Winnipeg. P.O. Drawer 136

SE	34	15	24	Rented
S½	24	15	25	To rent
NW 14 and NE	15	15	25	"
N½	18	16	25	"
SE	32	17	25	"
NE	32	18	25	"
NW	16	16	26	"
S½	6	17	26	"
SE	12	18	26	"
NW	16	16	27	Rented
NW	24	16	27	To rent
NE	28	16	27	Rented
NE	36	16	27	To rent
SE	12	17	28	Rented
NW	22	18	28	To rent
NE	6	18	28	"

These Farms Have All Been Improved.

Easy terms will be given, both as to time and interest.

My agent, Mr. L. D. Smith, will be at Moose Jaw during the first week of April.

Notice to Crediters.

In the matter of the estate of the late Donald McLean, late of the city of Windsor, in the Province of Ontario, deceased.

All creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named deceased in the North-West Territories are, pursuant to the order of the Honorable Mr Justice Richardson dated the 28th day of March A.D. 1898, to send in to John James McLean, of Moose Jaw, in the North-West Territories of Canada, administrator of the estate and effects of the deceased in the North-West Territories, on or before the 16th day of May, 1898, particulars of their said claims, showing the amounts thereof and the security or securities held by them, if any, and the said administrator, on the expiration of the publication of this advertisement in the weekly issues of the Moose Jaw Times between the 28th day of March and the 16th day of May, 1898, shall be at liberty to distribute the assets of the said deceased, or any part thereof, amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which such administrator has then notice, and shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim such administrator shall not have had notice at the time of distribution of the said assets or part thereof as the case may be.

Dated at Moose Jaw, 28th March, 1898.

(Sgd) J. J. McLEAN, Administrator.

30-46

H. McDOUGALL

Dealer in.....

Lumber and Building... Material...

Moose Jaw, 1st May, 1897.

Church Directory.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. H. C. Sweet.
Services—Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; B. Y. P. U. Monday evening at 8 o'clock; Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.
All are cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. J. C. Cameron, B.A.
Services—Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; Monday, Y.P.S.C.E. at 8:00; Wednesday, Prayer Meeting, 8.00.
Everybody welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. T. Ferrier.
Weekly Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; E. L. of C. E. Monday evening at 8 p.m.; Prayer eetin g Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.
The public are cordially invited. All seats free.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. (ANGLICAN.)

Incumbent—Rev. Wm. Watson.
Sunday Services—Holy Eucharist at 8:30 a.m. Mattins and Sermon, 11 a.m. Holy Eucharist every alternate Sunday after Mattins. Sunday School, 2 p.m. Bible Class for Adults, 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon, at 7 p.m.
Weekday Services—Friday, Evensong and Address, 7:30. Holy Eucharist on Holy Days and Saint's Days.
All seats free. Everybody welcome. Hymns Ancient and Modern are used.

SNOW-BOUND AT MOOSE JAW.

A Pittsburger Writes About Interesting Experiences in the North-West.

A friend in Pittsburg sends us the following clipping from the Pittsburg *Dispatch* of April 10th :—

Moose Jaw is the euphonious name of an ambitious city of 1,200 people (not counting Indians) in the Province of Assiniboia, B.C.(!) It is a railway divisional point on the Canadian Pacific and the northwestern terminus of the St. Paul & Sault Ste Marie railroad, otherwise known as the "Soo" route.

The name is that of a small stream nearby, and, according to the annotated time-table of the railroad, means "The creek where the white man mended the cart with a moose jaw bone."

For 48 hours 300 snowbound passengers waited for the "white man" not to mend our "cart" but to clear the track of the mixture of snow and sand that filled all the cuts for several hundred miles and laid all trains off not only on the Canadian Pacific but on all northern transcontinental lines.

However, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and an enforced stay at Moose Jaw gave us a rare opportunity to form acquaintance with our fellow travellers. We have the usual cosmopolitan character of the overland train, but just now "the Klondykers" largely predominate. In four days embracing the blockade ten heavy trains on this route and as many more on the Northern Pacific and Great Northern have been mainly filled with these venturesome Argonauts. They represent all classes and conditions as well as all nations of mankind.

"Klondyker" is the general term for all Alaskan gold hunters—not all however, are going to the Klondyke region. On one train is a party of 19 from the vicinity of Bay City and Sault Ste Marie, in Michigan, who are going to prospect in the American streams tributary to the Yukon. They are an intelligent body of gentlemen, including a physician and a clergyman prepared, therefore, for life or death in the frozen North. They have an outfit costing $75,000, including a small steam launch, a saw mill, an electric light plant and steam dredges and pumps designed to work the river beds along the Yukon Valley. They have also made provision for the long winter nights and ennui of isolated condition in a brass band, a string band and a graphophone. We had the pleasure of testing the virtue of these provisions for a cold and lonesome journey, and can testify to their excellence.

Then we have the individual gold seeker—of any class or color. Here is the old California expert in gold mining going to set up a plant in the Cariboo district in Alberta Province, 250 miles of stage north of Ashcroft station. He does not believe in God, and least of all in the Christian religion, but he does believe in himself and in the Cariboo gold region now as compared with the Klondyke. And we have the "professor." He is an ethnologist, and had something to do with classifying the McKees Rocks bones in our own Carnegie Museum. Then there is the sailing master from the State of Maine. He has navigated about every sea in the world—fought pirates in China and Japan, and missionaries in Southern Africa and barely escaped cannibals in the South Sea Islands. He is not an admirer of missionaries, and judging from some of his yarns missionaries have had little occasion to admire him.

Then last, but not least, we have the "journalist." He lives in San Francisco and works in Boston and all along the line when things happen. He is the jolliest of jolly fellows, can eat anything or nothing as circumstances permit, and drink of the same rule and sleep at all hours or not at all. He manages the game of whist or the whisky bee in the dining car Saturday night and the preaching service in the Pullman sleeper Sunday morning. But our train could not, any more than the modern world, get along without the "journalist."

Vancouver is a brisk little city in the pine woods of about 15,000 people. It furnishes the Klondykers with needed outfits and is a point of departure for steamers to all Pacific points.

—George W. Chalfant.

THE HEALTH PINK

Of Perfect Skin—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Insures It.

A wonderful cure for all manner of skin sores and eruption. Acts like magic on eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ringworm, scald head, itch, and blind, bleeding or itching piles. "This is to say that I was troubled for a long time with piles. On the recommendation of a friend I tried Dr. Agnew's Ointment A few applications of this wonderful ointment cured me of the troublesome thing." Adam Bryden Chatham, Ont. One application always gives quick relief. 35 cents a box. Sold by W. W. Bole

The Brandon Marble and Granite Works.

Mr. Wm. Somerville, representing Somerville & Co., proprietors of the Brandon Marble and Granite Works, was here last week on his semi annual visit to our town. A circular issued by the firm says :—

We are the only concern in the west that buys in car loads at the quarries in Vermont, Rutland and Duluth, in the United States, thereby saving a large percentage in freights, duties and profits to middlemen ; and enabling us to give a very much better article for at least 20 per cent. less money than those less favorably situated have to get for an inferior one. Not to be behind the most recent improvements we have just added to our plant a complete outfit of pneumatic tools. This improvement in the way of lettering and carving marble or stone is a complete novelty, not only in the west, but in the Dominion, as we are the first and only firm in the Dominion to adopt its use. We have found that by its use one man with this tool can do as much work in the same time as four men in the old fashioned way, and what is perhaps better still, work of far better quality and exactitude. We have three of these tools now in operation in our works, besides two polishing machines and a saw for sawing marble, which puts us in the proud position of being the best equipped marbel works in the Dominion. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of our designs are evidenced by the numberless works which we have erected in the various cemeteries in Ontario, Manitoba and the Territories. Every department of our business is in the hands of skilled and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the plainest to the most elaborate, which, together with the personal supervision that every job receives, is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of our patrons.

The doctor may be a good old man, but even so medical examinations and "local application" treatment are abhorrent to every modest woman. They are embarrassing —often useless. They should not be submitted to until everything else has been tried. In nine cases out of ten, there is no reason for them In nine cases out of ten, the doctor in general practice isn't competent to treat female disease. They make a branch of medicine by themselves. They are distinct from other ailments. They can be properly understood and treated only by one who has had years of actual practice and experience in this particular line. This is true of Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a remedy for all derangements of the reproductive organs of women, has been in actual use for more than thirty years. It cures every form of "female weakness."

WAGNER'S GUIDE A POCKET DIRECTORY TO THE TRADE & INDUSTRY OF 50c TO

POSTMASTER GENERAL'S REPORT.

Moose Jaw Post Office Revenue the Fifth Highest in the Territories.

The Postmaster General's report for the year ending 30th June 1897 has been received. A few extracts from it given here may be of interest to our readers. It shows that the deficit of $781,152.19 in connection with the out side service in 1896 was reduced to $586,538.92 in 1897 There were 9,191 post offices in operation, an increase of 88 over the previous year. Letters posted, 123,830,000; post cards 26,140,000 ; registered letters, 3,509,500 ; free letters, 5,501,000 ; newspaper samples, &c., 22,915,000 : packages of third-class matter, such as photographs, deeds, insurance policies, &c., 1,337,900 ; fifth-class matter, ordinary merchandise, &c., 2,377,900 ; parcels by parcel post, 339,350 ; closed parcels for the United Kingdom and other countries, 39,220. The revenue from sales of stamps exceeded that of the previous year by $277,487 32. The revenue from some of the principal offices in the Territories were as follows. It will be noticed that Moose Jaw ranks fifth in the list :—

Office.	Revenue.	Salary.
Calgary	$10,484 26	$2,710.00
Regina	7,678.13	2,100 00
Edmonton	3,272 13	1,110 00
Moosomin	3,256.00	992 00
Moose Jaw	2,566 46	730 00
Lethbridge	2,498.41	770.00
Indian Head	2,186.16	630.00
Medicine Hat	1,948.33	560 00
Macleod	1,805.33	570 00
Grenfell	1,723.15	620 60
Maple Creek	1,606.63	470 00
Whitewood	1,606.01	500.00
Qu'Appelle Sta	1,424 83	400 00
Wolseley	1,269.46	428.00
Wapella	1,111 93	424 00
Yorkton	1,087 83	410.00
Broadview	829.12	356.00

Toronto takes the lead, Montreal next and Winnipeg third.

Heart Disease Relieved In Thirty Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Hearth Disease in 20 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pains in Left Side, and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. W. Bole.

CURES THE WORLD

Rheumatism Banished Like Magic.

A Marvellous Statement—Relief from One Dose.

Mr. R. W. Sherman, proprietor of the Sherman House, Morrisburg, Ont is known by thousands of Canadians, hence the following statement from Mr. Sherman will be read with great interest and pleasure. "I have been cured of rheumatism of ten years' standing in three days. One bottle of SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE performed this most remarkable cure. The effects of the first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure were truly wonderful. I have only taken one bottle of the remedy, and now haven't any sign of rheumatism in my system. It did me more good than all the doctoring I ever did in my life."—38.

SOLD BY W. W. BOLE.

McDonald & Riddell

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES

First class rigs and good driving horses to hire on reasonable terms. Draying done to all parts of the town. Best accommodation for the general public.

McDonald & Riddell.

High St., Moose Jaw.

JNO. BRASS, Tin & Sheet Iron Worker.

MAIN STREET, - - MOOSE JAW

Thoroughbred Bull for Sale.

Thoroughbred Shorthorn Bull (pedigree No. 15223) for sale. Apply to JAS. M. KEAY, Moose Jaw, Assa.

YOU'LL FIND IT IN WAGNER'S GUIDE

YOU SHIP TO HEADQUARTERS WHEN YOU SHIP TO US

Full Prices. Correct Selection.



FURS

HIDES, PELTS, WOOL, TALLOW, GINSENG, SENECA.

Write for Circular giving Latest Market Prices.

Ropes and Tags Furnished Free.



Immediate Remittences.

No Commission Charged.

JAS. McMILLAN & Co. (Inc.) 209-212 FIRST AVE. NORTH MINNEAPOLIS, - - - MINN.

TO LET

160 acres, 95 cultivated. Rent or on shares. Verity plow, disc seeder and drag harrows for sale. Apply, LAWRENCE B. KING. 34ptf

Blacksmith Wanted

Wanted at once a reliable blacksmith, to take shop on shares or rent. A good opening for a good tradesman. Apply to A. WILSON, Blacksmith, Moose Jaw, Assa. 40 tf

Stonework

Farmers and others requiring stonework or rooms repaired before Kalsoming will do well to consult me. Work by day or contract. Prompt attention. MARTIN BURNS. 42p

FOR SALE.

Twenty pure bred Polled Angus bulls and heifers (all registered) one and two years old. Will sell them at reasonable prices. Can be seen at Oak Lake ranche. Write to G. B. MURPHY, Carberry, Man. 40-48.

BULL FOR SALE.

The thoroughbred bull Prince of Boharm (pedigree 2233) for sale ; color red ; calved April 1st, 1892 ; got by Ranger (16395), dam Empress of India. Price $65.00. F. W. GREEN, Moose Jaw. 36tf.

WANTED.

Applications wanted for the position of Janitor of the Moose Jaw School. Duties to commence May 1st. Applicants to state salary required. Applications to be in by 1st May. For further particulars apply to SEYMOUR GREEN, Secretary, 40tf.

SHORTHAND.

Isaac Pitman's system taught by correspondence. New method of teaching. Success guaranteed. Terms moderate. Nature's own writing. Anyone can learn by our method of teaching. Eighteen years experience. Write for terms to REGINA SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND, Regina. 18tf.

HERDING.

Parties intending to send horses to herd will do well to give the same to the undersigned for the summer. Good pasture, four sections of fenced land for night. That well known horse, General Thorpe, will stand for service on the ranche. Charge for mares for season and herding only $10. Herding horses, $5 for a pair ; $2.25 each for herds of three or more. Will be in Moose Jaw May 12th ; at Mr. Gilmour's, Jr., May 13th. Horses delivered in Moose Jaw at end of herd law. Strictly cash, before horses are taken away in the fall. Herd in the Qu'Appelle Valley. ANDUS WILKIE, Cottonwood P.O., Assa. 37 39

STRAY HORSES.

Strayed from my ranche at Eyebrow Lake, about October 1896, —One bay stallion, white face; one bay mare, large white face; one bay mare, white dash in face; one bay mare, white star on forehead, white spot on nose, all branded TF (combination) on right shoulder ; also one chestnut stallion, white face, branded F on right shoulder. The above horses are all heavy Clydesdales and three-year-olds. During spring of 1897 one bay mare, two years old, white star on forehead, branded TF (combination) on right shoulder. A liberal reward will be given for information leading to their recovery. THOS. FRANKS, Moose Jaw, Assa. 39tf

STEEL RANGES.



We purpose if we receive sufficient number of orders to ship in a car of our Cast and Steel Rangesin April. All customers ordering in time for this car will get the advantage of the car rate on freight. Prices and terms may be obtained from our local agent.

GURNEY-FOUNDRY COMPANY LIMITED,

Jno. Brass, Agt.

IF YOU WANT A



Just call on....

John Bellamy,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

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BRUNSWICK HOTEL,

RIVER STREET WEST.

Thoroughly refitted and renovated in every department. House refurnished throughout.

ROOMS LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY.

First class Liquors and Cigars. Every convenience for the travelling public.

J. H. KERN, PROP.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

ROYAL MAIL LINES.

The Cheapest and Quickest —ROUTE— — To the — OLD - COUNTRY !

SAILING DATES.

FROM ST. JOHN.

Lake Superior—Beaver Line....April 20
Gallic—Beaver Line.....April 27

FROM NEW YORK.

Pomeranian—Allan State.....April 21
Corean—Allan State Line.....April 28
Majestic—White Star Line...April 20
Germanic—White Star Line...April 27
St. Paul—American Line.....April 20
St. Louis—American Line.....April 27
Etruria—Cunard Line.....April 16
Campania—Cunard Line.....April 23
Kensington—Red Star Line..April 20
Westernland—Red Star Line..April 27

FROM PORTLAND.

Labrador—Dominion Line....April 16
Vancouver—Dominion Line...April 27
Numidian—Allan Line.....April 23
Laurentian—Allan Line.....April 30

Cabin, $47.50, $50, $60, $70, $80 and upwards. Intermediate, $34 and upwards. Steerage, $24.50 and upwards.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland and at special low rates to all parts of the European continent. Prepaid passage arranged from all points.

W. C. GOUDIE, Agent, Moose Jaw.

Or to WILLIAM STITT, General Agent, C.P.R. Offices, Winnipeg.

FOR GOOD COOK STOVES

Go to

G. K. Smith,

PRACTICAL TINSMITH.

Clean Your

FARM WITH M'DONALD'S WEED DESTROYER AND CULTIVATOR

A large number used them last year and they are more than pleased with the result. Call and inspect our 1898 machine.

J. A. McDonald, Blacksmith.

High St., Moose Jaw.

For Good Dairy Cows

APPLY TO

C. M. ANNABLE

OVER 50 HEAD TO CHOOSE FROM

Also two or three teams of good heavy-draught work horses for sale.

Canadian Pacific .. RAILWAY ..

KLONDYKE.

Write for pamphlet descriptive of the routes to the Yukon country, sailing dates, rates, &c.

Sailings for April and May :

Cottage City,	April 25
Islander,	" 26
Alki,	" 26
Thistle,	" 28
Victorian,	" 29
Australian,	" 30
Pakshan,	May 3

Cottage City sails for Wrangle, Juneau and Sitka only.

All agents can ticket through at rates which will include meals and berths. on Steamer.

For full information apply to nearest agent or address

ROBERT KERR, Traffic Manager, Winnipeg

Persistent Coughs

A cough which seems to hang on in spite of all the remedies which you have applied certainly needs energetic and sensible treatment. For twenty-five years that standard preparation of cod-liver oil,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has proved its effectiveness in curing the trying affections of the throat and lungs, and this is the reason why: the cod-liver oil, partially digested, strengthens and vitalizes the whole system; the hypophosphites act as a tonic to the mind and nerves, and the glycerine soothes and heals the irritation. Can you think of any combination so effective as this?



Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

A DESERT DREAM.

Of the four who had steamed past the Needless and away under the low back of the Dorsetshire coast six months before, only two were left. Of these two Lee-Carson was the worse case.

The fever mist was drawn like a silken cobweb low across the swamp, hiding the black eye-shaped pools and the variegated putrescence of rotting vegetation. The heavy air rang with the shrill pinioning of wildfowl changing their haunts and the ceaseless "troat-troat" of the bull frogs in the quagmires round.

The two men were making a fire on a dark green ridge somewhat raised above the chilling level of the marsh.

"The mist is rising," said Lee-Carson; "oh, for a sixth-story attic!"

"I'd better go and shoot something before it gets any higher," said the other man.

"What was it you knocked over down there?" nodding back at the swamp.

"Only a long-beaked atrocity, species unknown. A brace of duck or a widgeon would suit us better."

"Give me flesh and not fowl—the ooze-bred mud-breasted progeny of this forsaken swamp! Give me corned beef or German sausage, for I'm sick of feathers!"

"Three more days should do it," remarked Grammel, cheerfully, with a broad optimistic glance westwards, where, however, there was no reassuring break in the dead scalike level of the horizon, above which brooded a sullen sunset.

"Then go on and leave me here with food and ammunition. You can come back for me afterwards."

"I'll get supper first," said Grammel; keep the fire in."

When his companion was gone, Lee-Carson lay down beside the smouldering blaze, and his eyes wandered slowly over the unending vista of seething mist. Presently he began to talk out loud.

"Grammel could reach the highlands if I were out of the way. I'm dying, anyhow, and it seems a pity—

"'A day less or more, at sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?'

"No, it doesn't matter. It's a relief. Grammel won't leave me, so I'll leave him."

He drew a shot-gun towards him.

"Loaded for swamp fowl," he said as he stopped it to and laid it on his knee. "I'll not write a note to you, Grammel, because you would worry yourself, being a fool. No. I'll come to a nicely arranged natural end. It's waste to let two men die when death only puts in a claim for one. Grammel will get through this, and lecture before the Geographical Society about the swamps and the forests and our scientific researches, and then he'll write a book with the help of a female literary cousin, and marry her afterwards, and then there'll be little Grammels, and I—I'll be forgotten."

Then he made arrangements with the gun. It had a thirty-two inch-barrel, and Lee-Carson's hand was unsteady, for he was very weak. Therefore, when the charge sputtered into the mud and rush behind his shoulder, he sank down insensible.

When Grammel returned he found the fire blackening, and his comrade with his feet tangled in a tuft of grass and the gun lying across his chest. Grammel examined him hastily.

"So that was your little game, was it? As if I shouldn't have known!" he exclaimed. "It's all so like the young ass too," he added gently.

Within an hour the night had closed in, and Lee-Carson, wrapped up in a blanket and a couple of empty provision sacks, sat blinking over the fire made of dried reeds and the mouldering remnants of a forest, and shivered, his head humming with the twenty grains of quinine, which was to be his garrison against the now almost due attack of swamp fever.

Grammel, from the other side of the fire, watched him narrowly through the smoke, and wondered how soon it would be safe to make him comfortable with part of his own clothing.

"I wish you wouldn't sit there and stare like a night-owl, Grammel," Lee-Carson was saying fretfully. "I like being alone when I've a go of this mongrel malaria. If you would push on to the higher ground you might save us both."

"I'll start when the moon rises," replied Grammel with ready untruthfulness.

"That's all right," said the sick man drowsily; "pile up those reeds at my elbow and I'll keep the fire going. I'll do."

Grammel rose at once and began to arrange the heap of reeds to humor his companion's fancy.

Lee-Carson leaned against them and dozed, and Grammel, seizing the opportunity, added his own blanket to the other's coverings.

Lee-Carson opened his eyes with an effort.

"Once too often, friend Grammel!" he said.

Grammel glanced confusedly at the offending blanket.

"I'm not sleepy," he replied; "besides I'll be starting presently."

"Take it off!" was the peremptory rejoinder.

"Let me make up the fire first," said Grammel temporizing; but he was saved further argument, for the fever was gaining upon the sick man.

"What's that?" exclaimed Lee-Carson nervously, struggling to sit up. "They are coming! That's the trampling of the hoofs!"

"Dare say they are," said Grammel, with a vague wish that there was a hoof within 200 miles of them. "You might try to rest now."

Lee-Carson made no reply, but sank back obediently on his blankets, where he lay moaning and muttering in an uneasy half-consciousness.

Thus the night wore on.

Then, because the desolation was so intense, Grammel began to grumble; his voice rang like a minor undertone through the resonant booming of the bitterns and the harsh chorus of the frogs in the pools and fens around them.

"Half this tobacco's soaked," he said, sniffing contemptuously at the hollow of his hand, "and the rest tastes like smoked porridge steam; but I suppose it's better than breathing in this fetid fog in its native nastiness. Pah! it's chilly too. I don't think—" He stopped.

Lee-Carson was singing, a broken line or two at first, then his voice rang out clearly:

"Thus as the spreading ocean
Conquers a sandy coast,
Each tide has borne us further
To man a lonelier post."

"It's only doggerel," he went on with a weak laugh, "but it warms a man's veins, and it's true; I tell you, it's true!"

The big man opposite sat very still and listened. Lee-Carson ran on in the irascible monotone of delirium:

"Fordison and Chester died, you know—wiped out with fever. Fordison died just at dawn, a wet, low dawn, only as high as the tops of the trees. That was in the forest, when we were making for higher ground. And Grammel—good old Grammel—buried him and planted a rock on his chest."

A spurting blaze flamed out of the reeds, and Lee-Carson half rose.

"You must do it to keep the hyenas off, you know," he proceeded solemnly. "Do you think we'll find it an impediment on resurrection-day? But I suppose it's no worse than a coffin with tenpenny nails—is it, Gram?"

"Of course not!" answered Grammel. "Do shut up!"

But Lee-Carson wandered on.

"And Chester—the hyenas have him—if the crocodiles left any. They're birds of a feather, crocs and hyenas. What's one man's meat—one man's meat—how does it go?—I can't remember!" he rebuked petulantly.

The red glow of the fire burned like a plague-spot upon the broad dark breast of the waste as Grammel fed it silently.

The wearying, hollow voice went on—

"You're looking very pretty this morning, Alice, with the sun shining in your hair. You knew I'd come back didn't you, darling?" He looked across admiringly into Grammel's bearded face. "Let's set the rat-trap in the stable—where is it? I can't find it!"

Then from the far distances of the marshes came indescribable noises that sounded like Titans laughing, and balls of fen fire rolled, dimly seen, through the fog, while Lee-Carson got exceedingly afraid because he fancied that he was on board a steamer on a thick night, and that a collision was imminent, and the skipper not properly certificated.

"I tell you, man, I see her lights! There!" he cried, strung like a harp with excitement, pointing a shaking hand into the darkness.

"She's working round all right," said Grammel, soothingly. "Can't you hear the sailors singing?" adding to himself, "if I can only get him on his songs, that will quiet him down, perhaps."

Lee-Carson responded to this at once, his eyes blazing.

"I can hear them! Oh, Lord, it is good!" he exclaimed, and seemed to listen; then added, mysteriously, "But it's not the sailors—it's—don't you know their voices?—why, it's Fordison and Chester—and—and the rest."

And the high trembling voice was once more raised to join in the song:

"But northward, east, and westward,
And under the tropic sky,
The price that we paid to conquer
Were the men who were proud to die!"

He chanted it over and over, till the taut sinews loosened, and he fell back exhausted, and lay still for many minutes.

Presently Grammel crept round and covered him up carefully. Lee-Carson's sleep was the sleep of exhaustion, but it was better than no sleep at all.

After awhile Grammel too lay down and slept.

When Lee-Carson woke, a huge red moon on the horizon seemed very close to his eyes, and he called out wildly:

"Grammel! Grammel! Curse you, Grammel, you're dead!"

And from the other side of the fire Grammel answered him, his dry lips bleeding as they parted:

"Dead? Of course I'm not!"

"What's death?" began Lee-Carson again. "Don't let that moon dance and gleam in my eyes, it gets into my brain! Grammel, what's death?"

"'A sleep and a forgetting,'" quoted Grammel at his wits' end.

"No, it's not that!" said the sick man more calmly. "Grammel, come here! Where are you?" he groped about for the friendly hand that met his. "Look! look!—the other side of the fire!"

When Grammel could get his heavy eyes open, he looked across and saw nothing, only the snake tongues of the flame leaping at intervals into the moonstruck gloom.

"There's nothing," he said shortly. Grammel had no imagination, hence he was at a loss, not knowing what he was expected to see.

"Nothing?" repeated Lee-Carson, peering anxiously forward. "No, I see nothing now—perhaps I dreamed. I think I'm going out. Most people die about the dawn."

"Rot!" said Grammel lamely.

Lee-Carson's lips parted in the old whimsical smile. Presently he said, "I've seen things, Grammel, and I'd like to tell you what I saw."

Grammel was sitting close by, his hands clasped round his knees. Being the man he was, he said nothing, only waited to hear.

"Through the night I've seen them galloping past, squadrons and squadrons of mounted men—our fellows, you know."

Grammel shook his head imperceptibly.

"I shouted to them—I shouted who we were, but they were riding fast eastwards."

"No man rides east," said Grammel, looking up.

"You don't understand," said the sick man gently; "you don't know who they are. They are the Frontier Men of England! and their recruiting sergeant's Death. Don't you remember?' "'They ride for ever up and down.'

To guard the land they won.'

Don't you see them—don't you see them—now? They're calling me, and I can't go! Oh, the morning of life is sweet, but this is better! The end is coming, Grammel; it's coming fast!"

He lay down again moaning, and Grammel mixed much brandy with a little mud and water and gave it to him.

In a little while Lee-Carson moved, his face distorted in the torchlight of the fire, as he shouted huskily.

"Fordison, Chester, stop! I'm coming! I shan't be long, and then we'll ride together. Grammel will come too—some day. He'll never die between sheets, good old Grammel! I wonder if he'll ride sixteen stone as a ghost?"

He laughed out suddenly, and Grammel muttered in his beard:

"He's got it bad—very bad."

"We'll ride past our graves together and scare the beasts! We'll gallop into the sunset! Who's with you? Cakwood and Tommy Brown, all of them!" and in his delirious transport he tore the blankets from him. "I have known many good things in life—sea-dawns and ships rushing through the arteries of the world, but this is better than all!"

Grammel had started up and was listening intently. Still the voice, strained to breaking pitch, rang on.

"They start with us on our expeditions, they head our armies. The Frontier Men of England! Reinforced in every border-fizzle—by the bullet—by the stab—by the swamp-fever.

"You at home, you needn't weep!—" He ceased to peer anxiously out into the gloom of the swamp. "Are you there, you fellows? I can't see you. That's all right. No one dies alone in the waste or the desert, you're always there to see him die. I wish I'd told Grammel, he'd tell the rest. At every advance they're with us, and when we die, no man if left to die alone. They are always there—waiting." It almost seemed to Grammel that he could hear the trampling hoofs of that shadowy squadron.

A chill wind stirred the vapors of the marsh.

"I smell the dawn," Lee-Carson raised his head. "I'm coming with the dawn. I know how it will rise, like the wet glistening side of a white bull over the sodden rim of the marshes. Oh, the glory of it!" he shrieked. "All the men who have passed away into the unknown and died on the edge of the flood. All of them!

"'For ever riding up and down,
To guard the land they won.'

And when Armageddon comes, they'll be there, the glory of the ages! The men who were planted with a stone on their chest to mark the frontiers of the world!"

With an unexpected strength he sprang up and tottered forward, his voice still calling, as he ran with a wild shambling run into the dimness of the daybreak.

The light was filtering through the cold gray air as Grammel came up with him. Lee-Carson lay with his head among the brown leaf-sockets of a water-plant, his hands full of black ooze—dead.

Grammel raised him with strong tender hands.

Fever breeds fancies—and visions. We know that. Yet," he glanced about him oddly into the mists, "the Frontier Men may be more by one," he said, "Who can tell?"

THE EARTH IS A PYGMY.

Almost Incredible Dimensions of the Sun as Compared with This Sphere.

A dime held at arm's length from the eye will much more than cover the entire disc of the sun. If it were placed at the exact point of coincidence and its diameter and distance from the eye accurately measured, it might be used as a means of determining the sun's diameter, his distance being known. The foremost philosophers of long ago would have been appalled at the true statement of both the sun's distance and its size.

The sun's diameter is about 866,000 miles. Perhaps a faint conception of the enormous bulk indicated by these figures may be had from the reflection that the umbra of a single huge sun spot, observed in January, 1897, was extensive enough to entertain sixteen earths grouped in a solid square. It is lowidering to be assured that it would take 1,300,000 earths to equal the sun in volume. If the interior of that truly gigantic globe were hollow, and the earth were placed at its center with the moon revolving about it at its usual mean distance of nearly 240,000 miles, there would still exist a vacuity between the moon and the enclosing shell of the sun of nearly 200,000 miles. This is perhaps the most graphic and impressive illustration possible of the sun's colossal bulk. We must note, however, that the density of the sun is only about one-quarter that of the earth, so that it would "weigh" only as much as 330,000 earths. In very "round" numbers the sun's weight may be stated at two octillions of tons, which, if expressed in figures, would require as many ciphers as a newspaper line can accommodate.

A very comprehensive illustration of the pygmean dimensions of the earth as compared with the sun is to represent the latter by a globe two feet in diameter and the earth by a dainty pea. And yet the little pea weighs more than six quintillion tons. As to the solar surface, it is some 12,000 times that of our planet. Yet the sun, when compared with its true peers, the stars, is not only of extraordinary size, but in all probability is only to be ranked among the medium self-luminous bodies which sparkle in "heaven's elbow vault." And because of its spotlessness it has a place, although a humble one, among the "variable" stars.

The "shining shell" as Miss Clarke terms it, seen through a piece of well smoked glass, is termed the "photosphere." We thus perceive its actual diameter, although it seems much smaller than our conception of it, because the fierce glare has been negatived by the shade glass. If we conceive that the sun is gaseous, the photosphere may be regarded as a sort of skin, or crust, of incandescent clouds, through which are constantly breaking the geyserlike uprushes of metallic vapors, which expend their energies as far above the sun, sometimes, as the moon is distant from the earth. Environing the photosphere, as the atmosphere surrounds the earth, but vastly deeper, is the "chromosphere." Seen in the spectroscope it resembles a delicate but brilliant rim about the solar globe; and the same instrument reveals the "prominences," whose varied forms are so fascinating.

TO THE KLONDIKE BY BALLOON.

A Party of Frenchmen Will Make the Trip from Juneau to the Klondike.

To the Klondike in a balloon! Preposterous as the idea seems, it is being seriously entertained by several Frenchmen. According to a leading Parisian journal, the idea first suggested itself to M. Varicle, a well-known balloonist. He expresses no doubt as to his ability to make the trip, and he says that he will surely start for the Klondike before the middle of this month.

M. Varicle first began to think seriously of going to the Klondike when he read in certain French papers of the hardships which the gold seekers were suffering there through the extreme cold and want of food. In the words of a French journalist, as soon as he heard that "thousands of reckless adventurers, ignorant of the perils and of the rigorous climate of the Klondike, were imprisoned in these icy solitudes without the possibility of returning home before summer," and that these famished millionaires, though surrounded by gold on all sides, would almost surely come to a horrible end, the thought at once occurred to him that there was no reason why he should not go to their assistance with a fleet of balloons.

He interested his friends in the project and in due time a plan was formulated. A new balloon, entitled "The Fram," was built by M. Lachambre for the purpose and was tested a few days ago. According to the Figaro this aerostat, which has a capacity of 1,200 metres, ascended at La Villette and came down some hours afterward at Herley, on the banks of the Seine. Next day the aeronauts set off again, "steering the balloon as they chose," and at noon they passed over Fontainebleau toward the southwest. The party included MM. Varicle, Mallet,. Magnier and Bureau, and their main object was to make final experiments in steering the balloon and to test a contrivance designed to enable its passengers to stop at will.

Twelve fellow explorers will accompany M. Varicle on his trip to the Klondike. The party will go first to Liverpool and thence to New York. From that point they will go yto Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a day later they will arrive at Victoria. There they will remain about a week for the purpose of obtaining provisions and other necessaries. Thence they will go on to Juneau, and at this point the balloon ascent will take place. They hope, nay, they are confident, that from this point they will be able to make the trip to the Klondike within twenty hours.

BECOMING DRESS.

Fashion is a tyrant; at least, women follow its dictates blindly regardless of whether a certain style or color is suited to them or not. The fact that this or that is the "fashion" brooks of no argument. When green is the fashionable color women of all sizes and figures, pale or sallow, dark or fair, wear it. When purple recently was the rage it was worn everywhere. It is becoming to very few, but that seemed to make no difference. Some girls think that certain colors are suited to them. Frequently we see a red-faced blonde wearing a scarlet ribbon about her throat; or the freckled-face girl with red hair who persists in wearing pale blue, when black, pale gray and deep cream, or combinations of these colors, are so becoming to her. The color fashion is always abused, because no one can wear every shade and hue.

It is not vanity to make a study of what one can wear appropriately; rather, it should be every girl's duty to make herself as attractive as she can without being "loud." There are shades and colors in one's hair, eyes and complexion that should decide what looks best on one. Of course, then there are pretty contrasts which tone and brighten, and that can be combined with charming effect. One should study what colors bring out the best effects in one's appearance and always be partial to them. There are colors which seem to show up every defect in skin and complexion and if people but knew it they would never select them. Just because a thing looks well on one woman is no reason that all can wear it. Because a tall, slim girl is so stylish in a plaid gown, her short stout sister should not conclude that it would be becoming to her also. Equally foolish would it be for a tall, angular woman to wear a dress with pronounced lengthwise stripes in it thus accentuating her height.

Even in such a small thing as a bit of lace about the neck, there is room for selection. A piece of cream lace is far more soft looking and becoming to the average complexion than dead or blue white. Only the girls with milk-white transparent skins look charming in clear white in daylight. Very often it is only the little things one needs to study—probably a bow of ribbon or some such trifle.

INVITES TENDERS.

An editor in Kansas asks for the lowest tenders to supply him with a sack of flour, one pair of pants and a hat. He says that is the way merchants do business with him when they want a dollar's worth of job printing.

SOMEWHAT REGAL HERSELF.

She told me I was her king—that I had crowned her life.

Well?

And then she turned around and said she would never speak to me again if I didn't stop smoking.

THE CAUSE OF HER ABSENCE.

Ethel—Why didn't you attend Prof. Dumps's lecture on the "Cycles of Time? It was very interesting.

Maude—The subject of the lecture was embarrassing to me. You know, dear, I bought my wheel on the installment plan.

SANCTUM LEVITY.

Copy Editor, looking up from his work—What do you call a man who kills his son?

Funny Editor—Sunnyside.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

An Incident Attending the Giving Out of Souvenirs of the Great Giraffe.

"The first souvenirs I ever knew of being given out in the show business," said the old circus man, "we gave away in our show at the time we had the big eighteen-foot giraffe. We never had an attraction that beat the big giraffe. The people were just carried away with him. There wasn't anything about him but what interested them, even the slightest little things. On clear days, when we were where we could do it and the sun was right for us, we used to get the giraffe out in front of the entrance of the main tent and have him stand there like a great sentry. People used to stop and look up at him, and then the first thing you know somebody'd discover his shadder. Anybody'd cast a long shadder at that hour of the day, of course, but the giraffe's shadder reached as far as you could see. And as soon as one man begun to look at it forty others did, and then you'd see 'em. I've seen a thousand people at a time, line up long that shadder and just stand along the edge of it down past the main tent and the side-show tents, just standing, there lookin' at it. The giraffe was great, but his shadder fairly staggered 'em. And there they'd stand till the sun dropped down under the edge of the earth, and the first thing they knew there wasn't any shadder. Then they'd stare at each other for a minute, and then all bunch up together again and look at the giraffe till we took him in.

"We used to have a line on the programme saying that at 3 o'clock and at 9 o'clock the great giraffe would hand around ice water. That's where the souvenirs come in. We used to give away the glasses the water was in. The glasses were marked, 'Souvenir of the Great Giraffe,' and whoever got 'em could keep 'em. The seats in our circus were divided into four sections. We used to give away four dozen tumblers at every performance, one in each section. When the time come we'd march the giraffe around the edge of the ring, and in front of each section his keeper would hand him a wire holder holding

A DOZEN GLASSES.

which he would take by the handle in his mouth. Tall as he was, he could reach easy to the highest back seats. It's astonishing how people used to grab for those glasses. It seems as though the whole section would stand up on the seats and all grab for the holder when it came near 'em. They'd spill the water and get wet, and have the greatest time you ever heard of, but nobody got hurt and so we just let her buzz along. But finally something did happen.

"At one evening entertainment when he was serving out the souvenirs, when we come to one of the sections there was a man sitting on the fourth tier from the top who picked up his boy, a bright-looking youngster about 10 years old, who was sitting alongside of him and sat him up on his shoulder. The giraffe lifted the holder up and swept it along the seats with the people grabbing, and when it come near this man with the boy on his shoulder the man just lifted him up so that the boy could stand on his shoulders. He was going to get one anyway, and when the holder came along the boy made a grab for it. There was only one glass left in it then, but the boy got it. He upset it lifting it out of the holder, and scattered the water all over everybody, but that didn't count; he got the glass, and was coming down with it, when his father, instead of feeling him jounce down on his shoulder, felt his weight growing lighter and the next mnuite he and everybody else saw the boy suspended in the air. When the giraffe saw the last glass go he lifted the holder the way he always did, to clear the people before swinging it around and down to the keeper. This time when he lifted it the buttons on the outside of the cuff of the boy's jacket got caught in the wires. They were sewed on the way mothers sew on buttons, and they held the youngster's weight easily, and when the giraffe lifted the holder up he lifted the boy with it.

"Then there was a scene. We knew the giraffe wouldn't hurt a fly, but it looked to the people as though he had the boy in his teeth, and was going to sling him through the other end of nowhere. The whole audience rose up and stood leaning forward watchin' and never sayin' boo, but the giraffe swung his neck around as gentle, and easy as the arm of a crane and lowered the holder and the boy hanging to it safe into the arms of the keeper in the ring. The boy hadn't even dropped the tumbler.

"Then the people did holler, and the giraffe walked off as stately as you please, the boy climbed back up to his pop and the show went on. Nobody hurt but when we run out of the tumblers we had on hand we adopted another style of souvenir."

WHERE THE PENALTY FALLS.

I tell you, said the eminent merchant, there is no genius but industry. ison, your confidential man of business career. Hard work is the price of success.

Yes it is, absently replied the professional man who had dropped in. By the way, what has become of Grindison, your confidential man of business? I haven't seen him here for a month.

No, Grindison got so he was about half sick all the time, and I had to let him go. I've got a younger and stronger man now.

MAGNETIC QUALITY OF SELF-RELIANCE.

"It is a curious fact," said Mr. Bifflehy, "that the more self-helpful a man is the more help he gets from others. Curious, but not strange. Everybody likes the self-reliant and courageous man. He is magnetic, and things tend his way."

THE MAKING OF MATCHES.

MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF THEM USED EVERY DAY.

An Industry That Has Made Great Progress — Machines That Turn Them Out in Countless Numbers in Different Countries.

Statisticians whose opinions carry weight estimate that the average daily consumption of matches in the United States is 225,000,000 to 230,000,000. Probably $7,500,000 worth are annually produced in Great Britain, where the daily consumption is estimated at 200,000,000. More than one firm in that country produces 10,000,000 a day, and one Birmingham establishment turns out daily eight miles of thin wax paper and converts it into "vestas." In Sweden and Norway, where of late years the trade has developed with great rapidity, there are some 60 factories, 6,000 matchmakers being employed in Jonkoping alone. Germany and Austria together have as many as 450 factories. One firm in Schuteenhofer, in Bohemia, employes 2,700 persons. The four principal manufacturers in Vienna furnish employment to 6,000 people. In France making matches, like the trade in tobacco, is a governmental monopoly. China, Japan, Brazil and other countries now manufacture matches, and those of China compete with Swedish goods in

THE GERMAN MARKETS.

Until the introduction of amorphous phosphorus, which was made by Prof. Anton von Schroethe, of Vienna, in 1845, the trade of match-making was very unhealthy. The emanation of phosphoric acid, when common phosphorus was used, gave rise to necrosis, a disease which destroys the bones, and fatal effects often follow. Amorphous phosphorus being entirely fixed at ordinary temperatures, workmen now enjoy absolute immunity. It is only inflammable when rubbed in contact with chlorate of potash or black oxide of maganese, and safety from accidental fire is insured by separating these materials, the chlorate being placed on the match and the phosphorus on the friction tablet.

"Vesuvians," or "fuses," for smokers' use, which no wind short of a tornado can blow out, and which will light in a rainstorm as well as in dry weather, have bulbous heads, made of some slow burning compound, such as a mixture of charcoal, saltpeter, sand and gum, tipped with the igniting composition of ordinary matches. Amadou, or German tinder, in considerably used in this kind of lighters. Sometimes vesuvians and fuses are mounted on a thick, round, woven braid, instead of a splint of wood. "Flamers," for the same purpose, have thick heads of flaming mixture, on either a wax taper or a wooden stick.

Most of the processes of match manufacturer are now effected by machinery, and many ingenious inventions have been introduced for making the wooden splints. By one process a log of 15 inches in length, stripped of its bark and

SOAKED OR STEAMED,

is put into a machine, which unrolls it, as it were, in a continuous strip as wide as the log is long and of the thickness of a match. This strip as it comes off is divided into seven, each equal in width to the length of a match. These narrower strips are broken into lengths of six or seven feet, and after the knotty and imperfect parts have been removed, are fed into a second machine which cuts them into match sticks at the rate of 15,000,000 a day. Another splint-cutting machine invented by John Jex Long, of Glasgow, in 1871, operates on squared blocks of two-match lengths, and is capable of producing 17,000,000 daily.

The splints are dried in revolving drums and sifted to free them from fragments and splinters and arranged them in parallel order, and then are put into a "filling" machine of American invention, which sticks them into the dipping frames. These frames are 18 inches square, and each is made of 11 thin strips of wood, like bird slats, lying side by side, and loosely held together by iron rods passing through the ends. Twenty-two hundred splints are placed by the machine in parallel rows between the strips of each frame, so separated that no splint touches another. Tightening the screws on the rods draws the slats together and fastens the splints into the frame, which is then ready to go into the dipping room. The splints in the frames are heated and their projecting ends are dipped in paraffin, which is kept liquid by warmth in shallow, flat-bottomed pans. After the bath has been absorbed the matches

RECEIVE THEIR HEADS.

The igniting substance being in some cases kept in a uniform thin stratum in a pan and in others supplied by an endless rubber belt. A skilful workman can dip 3,500 to 4,000 frames, or about 8,000,000 matches in a day. After dipping the frames are arranged in a heated apartment to dry.

Almost every manufacturer has his own special mixture for tipping matches. One published recipe gives the ingredients as one half part by weight of common phosphorus, four of chlorate of potash, two of glue, one of whiting and four of finely powdered glass. As it makes a less noisy mixture nitrate of potash is sometimes substituted for chlorate. Other oxidizing agents used instead of, or in connection with, these salts of potash are the oxide of manganese and red oxide, or dioxide of lead. According to Gantier the igniting mixture for ordinary matches made in France is composed of three parts of common phosphorus, two of lead dioxide, two of sand and three gum. The same author states that safety matches are dipped in a composition of five parts of chlorate of potash, five of sulphide of antimony and one of glue, and that the rubbing surface for them is a mixture of five parts of amorphous phosphorus, four of sulphide of antimony and two and a half of glue.

A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST.

Rev. W. A. Dunnett, a Man Whose Good Work Is Widely Known.

He Relates Events in His Career of General Interest—For Years He Suffered From Heart Trouble, and Frequently from Collapse—On One Occasion Five Doctors Were in Attendance—He is Now Freed from His Old Enemy, and Enjoys the Blessing of Good Health.



REV. W. A. DUNNETT.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelistic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been the Grand Vice-Councillor of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templar council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor. For more than ten years Mr. Dunnett has been going from place to place pursuing his good work, sometimes assisting resident ministers, sometimes conducting a series of gospel temperance meetings independently, but always laboring for the good of his fellows. While in Smith's Falls a few months ago in connection with his work he dropped into the Record office for a little visit with the editor. During the conversation the Record ventured to remark that his duties entailed an enormous amount of hard work. To this Mr. Dunnett assented, but added that in his present physical condition he was equal to any amount of hard work. But it was not always so, he said, and then he gave the writer the following little personal history, with permission to make it public. He said that for the past thirteen years he had been greatly troubled with a pain in the region of his heart, from which he was unable to get any relief. At times, it was a dull, heavy pain, at others sharp and severe. Oftentimes it rendered him unfit for his engagements, and at all times it made it difficult to move. His trouble was always visible to the public and frequently when conducting service he would give out and doctors had to be called in to attend him. This occurred to him in the Yonge street church, Toronto, the Baptist church, Woodstock, N.B.; the Methodist church, Carleton Place, Ont. On another occasion while preaching to an audience of 2,500 people in the Franklin Street Congregational church, at Manchester, N. H., five doctors had arrived and were in attendance before he regained consciousness. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time. Mr. Dunnett said he had consulted many physicians, though he said, to be entirely fair, he had never been any great length of time under treatment by any one doctor, because of his itinerant mode of life. In the early part of the summer of 1896, while in Brockville assisting the pastor of the Wall street Methodist church in evangelistic services, he was speaking of his trouble to a friend who urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and next day presented him with a dozen boxes. "I took the pills," said Mr. Dunnett, "and I declare to you I am a well man to-day. I used to worry a great deal over the pain about my heart, but that *is* all done now, and I feel ilke a new man." All this the reverend gentleman told in a simple, conversational way, and when it was suggested that he let it be known, he rather demurred, because, as he put it, "I am almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man enjoying better health, today than I do."

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21st. from Fitchburg Mass., where he has been conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings, he says:—"I had held back from writing in regard to my health, not because I had forgotten, but because it seemed too good to be true that the old time pain had gone. I cannot say whether it will ever return, but I can certainly say it has not troubled me for months, and I am in better health than I have been for years. I have gained in flesh, hence in weight. I would prefer not to say anything about my appetite; like the poor, it is ever with me. Yes; I attribute my good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you have my consent to use the fact."

HINTS FOR SMOKERS.

A Famous Doctor Tells When and How to Smoke.

Generalarzt Dr. Scholer publishes a collection of "Hints for Smokers," which are founded, as the Doctor states, upon his professional observations for many years of the mouth, teeth, stomach, lungs, heart, and skin of the devotees of tobacco. The first and foremost rule is never to smoke before breakfast, nor, as a rule, when the stomach is empty; this custom is the worst possible foe of digestion. Never smoke during any exertion of great physical energy, as dancing, running, cycling, mountain-climbing, or rowing, and especially if in a contest. Never follow "the bad custom of the French and the Russians" by allowing the smoke to pass through the nose; never inhale it through the nose.

Keep the smoke as far as possible from the eyes and nose; the longer the pipe the better; the use of a short pipe during work is to be avoided. A pipe is the most wholesome form of smoking, a cigar the next, a cigarette the worst. Always throw away your cigar as soon as you have smoked four-fifths of it; the last end of it is the most hurtful, in cauda venenum, the poison lurks in the tail. All cigarettes are bad, but Eastern cigarettes the worst, for they are almost always compounded with some degree of opium. The smoker ought to rinse out his mouth, not only before every meal and before going to bed at night, but several times during the day. The best rinse for the smoker is a glass of water in which a teaspoonful of table-salt has been dissolved. It should be used as a gargle at night, and care should be taken that every cavity in the teeth is well washed with it. The pipe's proper place is in the hand, and only occasionally in the lips or teeth.

Active Man Wanted

To read this advertisement and then give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. It never fails to cure. Acts in twenty-four hours and causes neither pain nor discomfort. Putnam's Corn Extractor extracts corns. It is the best.

MRS. WAMSLEY.

Thought Marriage Made a Difference, and Wamsley Agreed With Her.

Wamsley got up to get his pipe from the mantel the other evening and carelessly brought his No. 10 foot down heavily on his wife's tenderest corn. He made no apology and Mrs. Wamsley said:

"Well, Henry Wamsley?"

"Well, what?"

"You haven't anything to say, have you?"

"Anything to say about what?"

"About nearly crushing my foot to a jelly."

"What should I say?"

"I'd ask, if I were you, Henry Wamsley! What would you have said 10 years ago before we were married when you were courting me? What would you say to-day to any woman who did not happen to be so unfortunate as to be your wife? Hey? Why, you'd humble yourself in the dirt apologizing to her! You'd say 'I beg your pardon! and 'How awkward I am!' and 'Do excuse me!' Oh, you couldn't be humble and polite enough in your apologies! My! how you would apologize! You'd be apt to write her a note about it! And if it had happened after our engagement you'd be so tenderly solicitous about my 'poor dear little foot,' my 'tender little foot whose pathway you intended to make smooth all of my life! My good land! You'd make me actually weary talking about my 'poor little foot.' But now when you nearly crushed every bone in it and make me scream with pain you never open your mouth to say anything unless it is to say 'O, thunder!' or something like that! And last night when the Morleys were calling here you made us all tired apologizing to Mrs. Morley because you chanced to spill a little water on her dress, and I thought to myself, 'He wouldn't apologize that way to me if he had accidentally turned a garden hose on me! He'd probably ask me what I was in the way for!' It's a strange thing to me, that a married man's manners wane with the honeymoon! I tell you marriage makes an awful difference! Indeed it does!"

"I should say it did," mumbled Wamsley as he lighted his pipe.

North American Life.

The results of the business for 1897 of this progressive home company, as published, and particularly referred to by the "Monetary Times," Canada's leading financial journal, in its issue of January 28, 1898, clearly shows the unexcelled financial position to which this company has attained, and is a guarantee that the company is a good one for its policy-holders.

New policies issued amount to	$3,556,024.00
Cash income (interest and premiums)	699,250.49
Total assets	2,773,177.22
Net surplus after providing for all liabilities	427,121.33
The reserve fund stands at	2,245,920.00
The total insurance in force is	18,945,577.00

"The assets of the company are in excellent shape and well looked after—imfficated by the increase in cash income from interest, etc., showing an increase of $15,092, while the interest and rents due and secured at the end of the year show, we are told, a decrease. Notwithstanding that $271,000 was paid to policy-holders during the year, the company is able to show an addition of more than a quarter of a million to reserve. The annuity and reserve funds amount to the large sum of $2,245,920, a handsome showing."

"We referred last year to the company's marked earning power as shown in the favorable results attained under its investment policies. And there is still further to be noted, the 'clean' character of its assets. The table submitted in Hon. Mr. Allan's speech, showing details of the assets and the percentage of each class among them, presents this is an interesting way. The North American Life has in various respects made an enviable name for itself. As a progressive, carefully managed and sound company, it is entitled to rank high, and this year, it is able to show a noteworthy share of the aggregate increase of business by Canadian Companies. The company deserves congratulation on having secured, in its new premises on King-st., west, offices which are difficult to surpass in beauty, modernness and convenience."

WM. McCABE, F.I.A., Managing Director.

L. GOLDMAN, Secretary.

QUESTIONS.

The questions which come thronging to our minds in hours of great stress and pain seem unanswerable. Why should things be so harsh so unequal, so unjust? Why should those who do well suffer, and those who do ill apparently go unscathed? Why, for all our earnest and determined efforts, do we never get ahead in life, or obtain a sure footing, while another, who makes no effort at all, outstrips us in the race?

Why do we fall into pain and trembling when doing right for conscience' sake? Why are we forever unsatisfied with our completed work? Why, when we feel that the conflict is too hard and when we sorrowfully determine to give up the struggle, does something always come to spur us up to fresh efforts?

And why do we forever feel that, however hard the fight for right we must fight it? Why do we feel that, whatever the consequence of the right action, it must be done? Why do we know, with a sure knowledge, that somehow, although we cannot understand why, it must be all right?

Spring is Coming

Now is the Time to Purify Your Blood

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and Guard Against Danger.

During the winter, owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, the blood has become impoverished and impure. In the spring the millions purify, enrich and vitalize their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is the greatest and best Spring Medicine, because it is the greatest and best blood purifier medical science ever produced.

It Is Wonderful

What a change can be made by a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season. This medicine creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, gives sweet, refreshing sleep, quiets the nerves, overcomes that tired feeling and gives renewed energy and ambition, strength and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier, $1; six for $5. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

HIS WAY OF PUTTING IT.

My friends, said the minister, earnestly, let us beware of Satan. We know that he scatters tacks along the narrow way in order that the just may puncture their tires.

And as the congregation pedaled homeward many a member thought of the pastor's words.

CAUSE FOR ENVY.

First tramp—How time steals along, don't it, pard?

Second tramp—Yes, and there's another thing about time that excites your envy, I'll bet.

First tramp—What's that?

Second tramp—It can't be arrested.

SIMPLE AT FIRST.

It is Foolish to Neglect any Kind of Piles—Cure Them at the Beginning.

Piles are simple in the beginning and easily cured. They can be cured even in the worst stages, without pain or loss of blood, quickly, surely, and completely. There is only one remedy that will do it—"Trask's Magnetic Ointment."

It allays the inflammation immediately, heals the irritated surface, and, with continued treatment, reduces the swelling and puts the membranes in good, sound, healthy condition. The cure is thorough and permanent.

Here are some voluntary and unsolicited testimonials we have lately received:—

Judge Henry D. Barron, St. Croix Falls, says:—"I have suffered severely from piles, and found no remedy until I applied 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment.' It relieved me at once, and permanently, to the present time."

Daniel John, of Liberty, says:—"My wife was afflicted with the piles for ten years or more, and have tried many eminent physicians, but received no benefit until I was induced by your agent here, Dr. Beaver, to use 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment,' and I can now say she is entirely cured with three bottles."

C. L. Root, Monroeville, says:—"I have been using your 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment' for bleeding piles, and find it helps me more than anything else I have tried."

All druggists sell Trask's Magnetic Ointment. It is 25 and 40 cents for full-sized packages, and is put up only by Francis U. Kahle, 127 Bay street, Toronto.

DOMESTIC AMENITIES.

He—They say one should learn from the mistakes he has made and the foolish things he has done.

She—If you followed the advice dear, you'd be one of the brightest men on earth."

The New Woman

Now enters upon pursuits formerly monopolized by men. But the feminine nerves are still hers and she suffers from toothache. To her we recommend Nerviline — nerve-pain cure — cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline the most marvellous pain remedy known to science. Nerviline may be used efficaciously for all nerve pain.

ONLY AN EXPERIMENT.

Mrs. Feedem—You say you want half a tumbler of rye whisky to make a great moral experiment with?

Torn Tompkins—Yes, lady, I've jes' taken de pledge, yer know, an' I wanter see whedder my moral stamina is strong enough ter resist de temptation uv drinkin' it or not.

New Style Tires

are constantly pushing old makes to the wall. Why be content with old fashioned styles?

Goodrich Res-Flex TIRES

have pushed themselves to the foremost ranks entirely on their merit. Our "T" catalogue is full of interest to every RIDER. Send for it. Dealers quoted.

AMERICAN TIRE CO., Limited,
164 and 166 King St. W., - TORONTO.

ASYLUMS FOR INSANE.

The Sacred Temples of Egypt Were the First Known to History.

The first retreats for the insane mentioned in history were the sacred temples of Egypt, where the highest development of moral treatment was practiced for the restoration of reason. One of the earliest notices of the establishment of an asylum for the insane is in the life of St. Theodosius, who was born in the year 423, and died in 529. He established, near Bethlehem, a monastery, to which were annexed three infirmaries—one for the sick, one for the aged and feeble, and the other for such as had lost their senses—in which all succors, spiritual and temporal, were afforded with admirable order, care and affection. In mediaeval Christian times conventual establishments were used for similar purposes, but with these exceptions there were no organized asylums for the insane until the founding of Bethlehem Hospital. This, the oldest lunatic asylum in the world, with the doubtful exception of one at Granada, was originally founded in 1247, as a priory in Bishopsgate, its mother church being St. Mary's of Bethlehem, or Bedleem in Wyclif's spelling. It is spoken of as a hospital for lunatics in 1472, and as such it was granted at the dissolution to the Mayor and citizens of London, being incorporated as a royal foundation in 1547.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

PIERCING IRON WITH CLAY.

Most people have heard of the old experiment of firing a tallow candle from a gun through the panel of a door, and can easily imagine the feasibility of the feat, for door-panels are usually very thin and of soft wood. It is far more difficult to believe in the possibility of using a lump of clay as a projectile to penetrate an inch-thick iron target; but this has recently been done at Woolwich Arsenal in the course of some experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the condition under which gas is fired in mines. A special form of gun was employed to represent a bore-hole, and cylinders of clay were used to imitate the tamping. Shots were fired in various explosive mixtures of gas and air, coal dust, etc., and at a distance of twenty-five feet from the gun an inch-thick iron target was placed at an angle, so that the clay could be broken up into dust and scattered upwards. After the first three or four shots, it was found that the clay had gone right through the metal, and the hole was gradually enlarged by subsequent impacts.

That was a wise Montreal judge who the other day sentenced a pill pedlar to a term of imprisonment for selling a pink pill representing them to be the same as the widely-known and justly famous Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The representative of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company did not press the matter closely or the culprit would have had a long term in jail. We commend the persistence with which this fraud was followed up; such cases are far too frequent and should be put a stop to. When a firm has spent the money that this Medicine Company have, in pushing their medicine, they should be protected and these fraudulent imitations promptly put an end to; the public, too, should be protected from having worthless, cheap stuff palmed off on them in the place of such world-famed articles of merit. We would like to see the Williams' Medicine Company, and other medicine dealers, prosecute these cases of fraud with vigor so we may know that when we ask for a medicine we may get exactly what we want, and not some inferior and cheap compound on which the profit for the dealer would be four or five times that of the better article.

PLAYING ALL THE TIME.

Does your husband work, Mrs. Dashley?

Indeed he does not. He plays from one year's end to the other.

How can he do that and keep the wolf from the door?

Mr. Dashley is a musician.

THEN THEY SAW IT OUT.

She—Why will you never waltz with me?

He—Because it makes my head go round just to look at you.

T. Ainslie Young, Rector, High School, Quebec, writes:—I should like to add another testimonial to the numbers you have already received in favor of "Quickcure." I have been troubled a good deal lately with Boils, and tried Quickcure. I can only describe its effect as magical; in about half a minute after application I felt as though I had never been troubled at all, and was completely well in two days. Wishing you every success with your valuable discovery.

W P C 908

The Very Fact

That our sales of LUDELLA CEYLON TEA are larger than ever and are increasing, argue the excellence of this superb blend. Have you tried it? 25, 40, 50 or 60c. In lead packages—from leading storekeepers.

NOT AN ADMIXTURE—

MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA,

is free from trashy China and Japan Teas, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound. All grocers keep it—black and mixed.

HIS OPINION.

What are you doing, Jimmie?
Readin' th' dictionary through.
How do you like it?
Oh, some o' th' words is good but others hain't much sense in 'em.

It is not generally known that Coffee and Cocoa are several times more expensive a drink than tea, yet many grumble when asked to pay more than 25c. a pound for tea. The agents for Ludella tell us that each pound of their popular 40c. Ceylon blend contains two hundred and seventy-five cups, or seven for one cent. They say a good tea has more strength than the cheaper grades, therefore goes farther, and again the freight cost of packing and growing are the same per pound on a poor tea as on a good one. This does not mean that 25c. Ludella is not good value, in fact we wonder how it can be produced for the money, but that the 40c. is better, and at such a small additional cost per cup, gives the consumer greater satisfaction in the end. This Ludella, which is having an enormous sale, is put in sealed lead package at 25, 40, 50 and 60 cents per lb.

PROOF OF IT.

You're my first and only love, he declared.

I can believe you, she answered with a shiver, for they were sitting at least ten feet apart.

FRESH.

He—What a fresh complexion, Miss Sprightly has.

She—Yes, she makes it up fresh every evening.

Pure Blood

CELERY KING POWERFUL PURIFIER

Rich, red blood—essential to perfect health—this purely herbal tonic insures good health. At all druggists. 25c. a package. WOODYATT MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, CANADA

640 ACRES WELL LOCATED—In the west; owner dead; low price, easy terms; lower for cash; write at once. Keep for reference.
W. JAMIESON, Merrition, Ont.

Tea Agents Wanted. Any person can make large pay selling our goods in their own locality. Write to R. B. HAYHOE & CO., Importers of Teas and Coffees, 48 Church St., Toronto.

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE
Butter, Eggs, Apples, Fruit, &c., to
THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited,
Cor. of West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO

DR. SPROULE, B. A., (graduate of Dublin University, Ireland) Specialist Chronic Diseases of the Nerves, Blood, Constitutional Ailments, Impaired Vital Energy. Letters confidentially answered. 93 Carlton St., Toronto.

Dominion Line Steamships
Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer. From and to Liverpool in winter. Large and fast twin screw steamships "Labrador," "Vancouver," "Dominion," "Scotsman," "Yorkshire." Superior accommodation for First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage passengers. Rates of passage—First Cabin, $50; Second Cabin, $35; Steerage $22.50 and upwards according to steamer and berth. For all information apply to Local Agents, or DAVID TORRANCE & CO., Gen'l Agents, 17 St. Sacrement St., Montreal.

"WE WANT YOU QUICK."

Intelligent ladies and gentlemen can be supplied with genteel and very PROFITABLE employment. Industry is the essential NECESSARY to secure GOOD REMUNERATION. Can give the address of representative who has just cleared $113 in 21 DAYS. $5 can be made right AT your own HOME.
J. L. NICHOLS & CO.,
33 Richmond West, Toronto.



PLAYING "POSSUM."

As the warm sun softens the snow tank, it settles away and the top of the wire fence appears above the surface. This is Jack Frost's opportunity and he hardly waits the sun's setting before the snow is frozen fast to the wire. Then he rejoices to see THIS PAGE go down as others have gone before. But behold when the morning sun loosens his grip up come the coiled springs as perfect as ever, and poor Jack is again forced to bow down and surrender to elasticity.

Price list and illustrated printed matter on application to the local Page Fence dealer or to

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, Limited,
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

P. S.—See our "ad" next week.

YOU CAN'T PULL cotton over your eyes and call it wool.

HARTFORD and VIM TIRES YOU CAN'T PULL an inferior rubber composition over a poor fabric and call it a good tire.

are not made that way. They are made the way that has stood the test—the best way—our way. We fully guarantee every pair of road tires and repair them FREE OF COST. Write us for answers to your questions about tires.

MONTREAL—Windsor Hotel Block.
WINNIPEG—Winnipeg Rubber Works.
HALIFAX—Office opens 1st April.

TORONTO TIRE CO., Limited,
9 Adelaide St. West.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1898.

NEW ADVTS. THIS WEEK.

M. J. MacLeod..Spring boots & shoes.
Robinson & Hamilton....Carpets, etc.
J.A Healey & Co..Washing machines.
R. Bogue.....Boots and shoes.
N.W. Govt.....License applications.
David Ross.....Herding
E Simpson & Co.....General.
Thos. Healey.....Klondyke supplies.
J. H. Grayson.....Land for sale.
R. L. Slater.....Spring suits.
Somerville & Co....Manitoba granite.
Jas. McClelland.....Lime.
Jno. Bunnell.....Implements.
C. A. Gass.....Zess cultivator.
Miss Clarke.....Millinery
J. F. Guerin.....Dentist.
(Publicity paves the pathof prosperity.)

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Mrs. A D. Millar returned to Regina on Tuesday.

Hugh Ferguson paid Regina a visit on Monday.

Thos. Aspdin arrived from Wolseley this morning.

Mr. W. M. Lambert paid Regina a visit this week.

Mr. Bradshaw, of Parkbeg, was in town yesterday.

Brakeman Sam. Cameron was made a conductor this week.

Seeding will commence in this district next week.

Dr. and Mrs. Size, of Regina, were in town on Wednesday.

The Latham farm was sold yesterday to Thos. Getty for $500 00.

Mr. W. W. Bole and Dr. J. W. McCulloch left for Winnipeg on Wednesday.

Supt. Milestone was at Sintaluta last Friday laying out the site of the new station.

The bon fire and the garden rake have replaced the snow shovel and the water drain.

Our new hats seem to please, as they sell themselves. A call solicited. Miss Clarke.—Advt.

A train load of ties have been distributed between here and Regina for repairing the track.

Mr. Thos Franks arrived from his ranche at Eyebrow Lake this week with a band of horses for sale.

Mr. Wm. Walsh arrived from his ranche on Old Wives' Creek last Saturday and reports everything O.K.

Owing to the difficulty with Spain the United States has withdrawn her steamships from the Atlantic service.

Mr. Cafferata, of Hitchcock & McCulloch's, went to Winnipeg on Wednesday and will be absent about a week.

Mrs. B Carey, Miss Peacy and Miss Watt, of R. J. Tinning's, Regina, were at the dining hall on Monday, taking orders for millinery.

Mr. Bert Walsh arrived from Grayburn this week and will go "broncho busting on Mr. Wm Walsh's ranche no Old Wives' Creek.

Mr. A. D McLeod, special agent of the Great West Life, arrived in town yesterday and will spend some weeks working in the interests of his company.

Mr. S. A. Clarke, architect of Regina was here on Wednesday on business in connection with the plans for Mr. Kerns new hotel. Tenders for the erection of the hotel will be called next week.

J. W Ferguson went to Regina on Tuesday to make final arrangements for the erection of the bridge on the Stony Beach trail, having secured the contract for the same. He returned home yesterday morning

The Orris Ober Co., who are to appear in the town hall on Monday and [illegible] eight weeks in [illegible] houses, and have [illegible] in Brandon [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] family returned on Monday from the Coast, [illegible] had a very pleasant trip. Miss [illegible] accompanied them, went [illegible] San Francisco to visit her [illegible] spend some weeks in [illegible] last summer

Mr and Mrs. J. H. Ross arrived from the east on Monday morning Mrs. Ross spent the time of her visit in the east with her sister, Mrs (Rev.) Taylor of Montreal, while Mr Ross, with [illegible] was in consultation [illegible] Government on [illegible] proposed legislation affecting the North-West Territories.—*Leader*

Having secured the agency for the celebrated Zess Patent Cultivator, I wish to notify all those requiring a good machine (superior to all others on the market) to hold their orders, as our first shipment will arrive on May 1st. This cultivator is an up to date machine, made of good material and by a first class mechanic. See advertisement next week. C. A. Gass, agent for N. W. T.

Genuine maple syrup, R & H's.—Ad.

Const. Emery returned to Regina Sunday evening.

"Double headers" was the rule in freight trains yesterday.

Wall paper clearing out. Get a snap. Robinson & Hamilton.—Advt.

Benj. Fletcher returned this morning from a trip to Dr. Turnbull's ranche at Yellowgrass.

Mr. Jno. McLean returned to Grayburn on Monday after spending a few days with his parents.

The Manitoba and North West Land company has been amalgamated with the Canadian Land and Investiment Company.

Mr. H. Carson, of D. McTavish's shaving parlor, has left for Collingwood, Ont., and has been succeeded by Mr. C. R. Haise, of Brandon.

Mr. Chas. Baine, of Donald, was in town last week on a visit to his sister, Mrs G. W. Kent. He returned home Monday morning last.

Rev. Mr. Ferrier is bringing from Toronto a band of seven boys for whom he has found homes at Moose Jaw, Indian Head and Qu'Appelle.

Work on the new business blocks of Wm. Grayson and M. J. MacLeod will be resumed next week. The first storey will be of stone and the second brick.

The Salvation Army is sending six men and two women to the Klondyke, At a farewell meeting in Toronto a collection amounting to $1010,00 was taken up.

Yard Engine No 100 arrived from Dunmore this week to be used in the Moose Jaw yard. Fireman Pat Callin of the Prince Albert branch line has been promoted and is in charge.

The Rev. W. Watson will have service on Sunday next, April 24th, at 3 p.m. at Barlee's, Buffalo Lake. The annual Easter meeting will be held after the service for the purpose of electing wardens and a lay delegate for the ensuing year.

J. F. Guerin, L.D.S., dental surgeon, will leave the Brunswick hotel, Moose Jaw, on Monday next, April 25th, and remain until Saturday, the 30th, where he may be consulted on all cases appertaining to surgical and artificial dentistry.—Advt.

The annual conference examinations of the Methodist church for the Regina district are being held at Moose Jaw and Prince Albert this week, Rev. T. Ferrier presiding at this place The candidates writing here are A. Barner and H. J. Galley.

Brakeman Fred Bremer returned home yesterday morning via the Soo line from a visit to his parents at Quincy Ill. Fred has been away for about two months and has visited Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Paul and the other big cities of the States.

During dinner hour one day last week a sneak thief entered the store of Miss Simpson's and stole $20 from the till. Miss Simpson heard the door open and answered at once, but their was no one there; about five minutes after another customer came, and while waiting on him she noticed the till open and the money gone. The person who first entered had managed to get in without being heard, and, securing the money, skipped.

Mr. J. S. Watson, of Chicago, arrived from the east on Sunday morning on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watson. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Mina Watson, who has been visiting friends in Ontario and the United States for about a year and a half. Mr. Watson went on to Medicine Hat by the same train to see his brother, Kelsey, who was taken to the hospital last week suffering from appendicitis. Mr Watson returned Wednesday and reports Kelsey on the fair road to recovery. An operation was performed and it will be about five weeks before he will be able to leave the hospital.

BIRTHS.

McMILLAN.—At Moose Jaw, on Monday, April 18th, the wife of W. B. McMillan—a son and daughter

DEATHS.

RIDDEL.—At Buffalo Lake, on Friday, April 15th, 1898. Fanny, daughter of Mr. Geo. Riddel, aged 17 years.

THOROUGHGOOD.—At Moose Jaw, on Monday, April 18th, 1898, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Thoroughgood, aged 6 months.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Awarded
Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

Mr. Mayne of Regina was in town on Monday.

Lusk will be in his photo studio all next. week.—Advt.

Good farm hand wanted. Apply to T. B. Baker.—Advt.

Mr. Alex. Wilson has commenced the erection of his new implement shed.

Don't forget to attend the Agricultural Society's meeting to morrow afternoon.

Car potatoes to arrive shortly. Leave your orders for car delivery. Robinson & Hamilton.—Advt.

Mrs. A. H. Powell, of Caron, returned home on Monday after visiting her sister, Mrs. Jno. Thompson.

Fireman Albert Jones returned to Moose Jaw on Saturday after running out of Medicine Hat for a month.

Mr. L. D Smith, of the Manitoba & North-West Land Co., arrived from the east Monday and will spend a fortnight in the district.

Engines 357, 362, 363, 364, of the "Montreal Standard" class, from the Pacific division, have been added to the equipment at Medicine Hat.

Mr. Arthur Trent arrived from Maple Creek on Friday with a car load of horses, which are being disposed of at prices ranging from $75 to $90.

All those interested in the formation of an athletic club are requested to attend a meeting to be held at R. L Slater's on Saturday evening, April 23rd at 19.30 o'clock.

To intending settlers:—A full list of Government lands open for homestead ing in the Moose Jaw district revised up to date. Good farm lands for Sale. SEYMOUR GREER.—Advt.

The treasurer of St. Columba's church building fund, Buffalo Lake, acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions: A. R. Ross, £1 sterling; Mrs. J. B. Austin, Lotus, Ont., $5.

After a residence of about twelve years Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Chalmers have bid good bye to Moose Jaw, Mr. Chalmers going west to British Columbia, and Mrs. Chalmers to Batoche on a visit to a sister.

Owing to the demand on our advertising space, our usual Parliamentary report has had to give place to local matter. The progressive business men of Moose Jaw show their appreciation of THE TIMES as an advertising medium.

THE CLIMAX IS WAR.

Diplomacy at an end and Hostilities Begin

The House and Senate at Washington, after fierce squabbles, passed a resolution in line with the President's recommendations in the Cuban crisis, that is to say, for intervention to restore peace in Cuba without recognizing the independence of Cuba. President McKinley has given the ultimatum to Spain, and allows until Saturday noon for an answer. The demand is that Spanish forces be drawn from Cuba.

This morning's bulletins convey the news that Spain has broken off diplomatic relations by giving the United States Minister at Madrid his passports. Hostilities may commence at any moment. The Spanish fleet has left Cape Verde Islands for unknown quarters. The United States fleet was to sail from Key West this morning.

A BRIDGE DAMAGED.

Drifting Ice Carried Away A Portion of the C. P. R. Bridge at Saskatoon Communication Interrupted

The C. P. R. bridge over the Saskatchewan at Saskatoon was washed away on Monday by the ice, and all communication with the north is interrupted. The bridge was a wooden struss structure, consisting of six spans, the two north spans, 150 feet each in length, being the portion taken away. The ice jamming up against the bridge and lifting the two north spans completely off their piers, depositing them in the river The bridge was built in 1889 when the railway was constructed. The seriousness of the accident consists in the interruption of railway traffic to Prince Albert, which follows as a result. The bridge spans the Saskatchewan river at Saskatoon, ninety miles from Prince Aldert, and for many weeks it will be impossible for a train to reach further north than the south side of the river. There is a ferry on the river, and the government is already arranging for the carrying of mails by stage from the river to Prince Albert. It will be some time before the repairs are completed, as it will be impossible to drive piles in the water for several weeks.

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES.

We want a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Good money made at home. For particulars ready to commence send name and address. THE STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Dept. B., LONDON, ONT. 6m2

Come & See Us

FOR YOUR

BOOTS & SHOES

40 Cases

JUST TO HAND AND ARE MARKED DOWN TO CLEAR.

We have some dainty styles to show you. The newest creation in laced boots and oxford ties—chocolate, russet and black; fine turned or good year welt soles. For heavy lines of working boots we are showing better values than ever. We would especially ask you to see our hand made lines they cannot be beat

FOR THIS WEEK

THIS WEEK.

30 pair Am. calf, laced or congress $2.00 $1.50
24 pair men's hand bottomed blutchers $1.50 1.25
15 pairs women's dongola oxfords pat. tip, $1.75. 1.25
18 pairs women's dongola button, pat. tip, $1.90.. 1.60
15 pairs women's dongola laced, pat. tip, $2.00.. 1.50

Some lines having only a few pairs in certain sizes left clearing out at cost.

M. J. MacLEOD

The Up to Date Boot and Shoe Store.

My Stock of....

SPRING TWEEDS

is complete and superb.
Suitings all exclusive patterns....

The World-Famed

Klondyke Serges in Black and Blue....

Great variety of up-to-date Tweed Suitings. $15 to $28

OUR PANTS

are Away Down—
in price.

W. N. Mitchell.

OCTAVIUS FIELD

WHOLESALE DEALER & IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Having just received the last direct importation for the season, my stock is now complete in both imported, and domestic goods, consisting of the choicest brands of Irish, Scotch and Rye Whiskies, Brandies, London Old Tom and Holland Gins, Rums, Ports, Sherries, Champagnes, Clarets, Sauternes, Bergundies, Ginger and Native Wines, Liqueurs and Bitters, Bass' Ale and Guinness' Stout, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc.

Terms Spot Cash. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Business hours from 8 to 20 o'clock.

Octavius Field

HERDING.

Parties intending to send cattle to herd will do well to give same to the undersigned for the summer. Good pasture. Thoroughbred bull will run with herd. Charge for herding cattle for summer, $1 00. Will be at St. Edward's farm may 22rd. Cattle delivered in moose Jaw at end of herd law. Strictly cash before cattle are taken away in the fall. Herd in the Big Arm Valley. DAVID A. A. ROSS, Big Arm Valley.

TOWN HALL

MOOSE JAW.

TWO NIGHTS TWO

COMMENCING MONDAY APRIL 25

Orris-Ober Co'y

FIFTEEN PEOPLE.

In the following plays:—

Monday, "CIRCUS GIRL."
Tuesday Night, "TRILBY."

PRICES 50 AND 75 CENTS.

....Plan at Bole's....

Improved Farms

FOR SALE.

SE¼	20	17	25
NW¼	22	19	26
SW¼	28	15	25
SE¼	12	17	26
SE¼	16	17	25
NW¼	16	16	25
SW¼	34	17	25
SE¼	36	16	26
E½	28	18	24

These farms have all been improved.

Also a number of dwelling houses in the Town of Moose Jaw for sale.

Liberal terms of payment will be given. Apply to

J. H. GRAYSON,

Agent for British Canadian Loan and Investment Company.

McCormick Manufacturing Company

Having secured the Agency for the McCormick Manufacturing Co., I hereby announce that I am now ready to supply all implements required on a farm. The McCormick Implements have a reputation of their own in this country, giving entire satisfaction wherever they are in use. All kinds of repairing on shortest notice. A carload of lumber wagons just arrived for the spring trade. When purchasing a buggy don't forget to inspect our stock.

A. WILSON,
Blacksmith.

NOTICE.

The Liquor License Ordinance, North-West Territories.

The following applications for licenses have been made and will be considered by the Board of Commissioners for License District No. 1, at Oxbow, Assa., on Friday, the 20th day of May, 1898, at 10 o'clock a.m.:

Name.	License.	Premises.
John Hurst,	Hotel.	Hotel Winnipeg, Oxbow.
Robt. D. Beatty,	Hotel,	Elliott House, Carduff.
Selena Kelly,	Hotel,	Queen's Hotel, Estevan.
A. H. Makee.	Hotel,	North Portal.

Dated at Regina this 18th day of April, 1898.
LAWRENCE J. CLARKE,
Chief License Inspector.

NOTICE.

The Liquor License Ordinance, North-West Territories.

The following applications for licenses have been made and will be considered by the Board of Commissioners for License District No. 4, at Regina, Assa., on Friday, the 20th day of May, 1898, at 10 o'clock a.m.:

Name.	License.	Premises.
Octavius Field,	Wholesale.	Field's Block, Moose Jaw.
Abiel Smith.	Dining Hall (for beer only)	C.P.R. dining hall Moose Jaw.
J. H. Kerr,	Hotel,	Brunswick Hotel, Moose Jaw.
D. D. McLeod,	Hotel,	Windsor Hotel, Moose Jaw.
J. H. Brown,	Hotel,	Ottawa Hotel, Moose Jaw.

Dated at Regina this 18th day of April, 1898.
LAWRENCE J. CLARKE.
Chief Licenses Inspector.

OFFICIAL TIME, WASHBURN'S GUIDE. 5c

Lumber, Lime, WOOD

No flies in a house with our wire screens! Encourage home industry by buying from us windows, doors, frames, mouldings, and anything else you may require in house or carriage building line. Home-made flour per cwt. $2.25; Graham flour, corn and wheat meal per cwt. $2.00, barley and corn chop per ton $22, if mixed with oats $25—sacks extra. Planing, gristing and chopping done. Please leave cash with order.

E. Simpson & Co.

House Cleaning

time is here and if you require any....

KALSOMING, PAPER HANGING OR PAINTING

For anything in this line you should consult the undersigned who make it their business and are now prepared to give attention to all work entrusted to them. Good workmanship at moderate charges.

Sanders & Hawkins.

PAINTERS AND PAPER HANGERS.

NEW LIME!

McClelland, the Plasterer, will be able to furnish the trade with large quantities of newly burnt lime on and after Thursday, April 21st. Leave your order early and secure your supply. Mail orders promptly attended to. Our prices are right.

JAS. M'CLELLAND,
Plain and Ornamental Plasterer.

Bargains!

This month we are giving bargains in.....

Watches,
Clocks,
Silverware,
Jewelry and
Optical Goods.

REPAIRING:—High grade watches, clocks and jewelry a specialty; also organs.

J. U. MUNNS.
Sole agent for Bell Organs and Pianos.

STAMPING ON LINEN

Done to order. Newest Designs. Also a full assortment of Corticelli Embroidery Silks at the Bazaar.

MISS SIMPSON

Klondyke

SUPPLIES AT THE KLONDYKE STORE

We're at it Again!

Having just opened up in the Kern Block, Main Street, with a small but well selected stock of Groceries, canned goods, tea, sugar, tobacco, etc., etc., we are now prepared to attend to your wants in these lines, and hope for the renewed patronage of our old customers.

Thomas Healey.